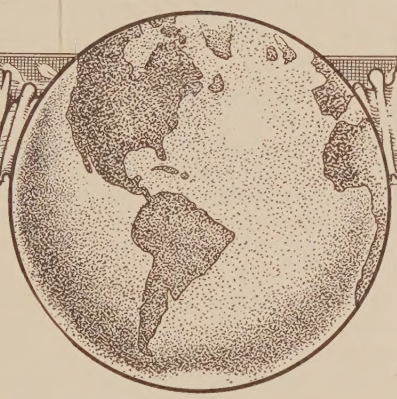
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

May 6, 1922



A Prayer

THOU Son of Man, in whom are all the treasures of knowledge and wisdom hidden, deliver us from the foolish wisdom of this world, by which thou wast crucified. Give us the insight to see that a man's glory lies in becoming a servant as thou becamest, and that the heights of life are reached by way of its depths. We are infatuated with empty dreams of greatness and power, and they turn to ashes before the dream is ended. We pray that we may take for our wisdom the foolishness of God and for our strength his weakness.

Amen.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class ma ter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917 authorized on July 3, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada. Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the paper should be addressed to the Editor, 176 Newbury St., Boston. If sent voluntarily, it is understood that no payment therefor is expected; payment is made only in case of previous and special contract.

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ADVERTISING RATES: Twenty cents per agate line; $2.40 per inch for a single insertion. Contract rates on application.

Universalist Publishing House

HAROLD MARSHALL, Manager

176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON
DORCHESTER AVE. AND 60TH ST., CHICAGO

Μιγμα

The German-Russian treaty serves notice upon the Western powers that, if Russia and Germany are to be held in the class of pariahs, they will form an association of their own which in the course of history will give an account of itself. (*New Republic.*)

υ λ

Is it worth a tear, is it worth an hour,
To think of things that are well outworn;
Of fruitless husk and fugitive flower,
The dream foregone and the deed foreborne?

(*Swinburne.*)

υ λ

Everything leads us to believe that society can not expect to benefit from the genius and ability of women as a sex until it gives its girls as well as its boys, its women as well as its men, the *same* opportunities and the *same* incentives to achieve distinction, and until all women of genius and talent, all women scholars and women teachers, and all women of every profession and every occupation . . . are permitted by public opinion and social sanction to marry and go on with their job, instead of being found fault with, threatened and, in many cases, actually deprived of their bread and butter for doing so. (*President M. Carey Thomas.*)

υ λ

Those of us who are responsible for "dealing with Labor," as we somewhat crudely express it, can not too often remember that there is no such thing as "Labor." The working force consists of a number of individuals, each having a personality different from all the rest. They are as sensitive as we are to encouragement and discouragement, as easily roused to anger or suspicion, as easily roused to loyalty and effort. (*B. S. Rowntree.*)

υ λ

After reading a newspaper article quoting Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as declaring that death was "painless and beautiful," Percy Brown, aged seventy-nine, of Toronto, committed suicide by gas asphyxiation. On his bed was found a newspaper clipping detailing a recent lecture by the English spiritualist. Near it was a note in which the aged man had written: "I am seventy and blind, or very nearly so, and if this clipping is true, why should I linger here?" (*Boston Herald.*)

υ λ

The Payne-Aldrich tariff-law was considered a stiff one in its day; but the present Congress promises to make the protectionists who drafted it look like a group of amateurs. (*Freeman.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

wo Dollars a Year 104th Year { New Series } Vol. XXV No. 18

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, sus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

A good way to save daylight is to use it.

* *

Let your minister know you if you would know ur minister.

* *

The successful profiteer can not get the point of ew of the hungry poor.

* *

Genoa has made the acquaintance of Russia, hether America has or not.

* *

The beauty parlors multiply on every side, but e product thereof is sacrilege.

* *

When you pray that others may be blind to your ults, try setting a good example.

* *

An old Irish saying is that the stars make no ise, but this has no reference to movie stars!

* *

To do good with criminally won money, or fame position, is to build your house of rotten timber.

* *

Health is sacrificed to gain wealth, then wealth is crificed to regain health, and in the end where are we?

* *

It is not wise of the missionary to take all the eam from the milk bottle, and then seek another ttle.

* *

The poetic mind is not a sign of insanity, accord-g to Professor Prescott. Perhaps he means not the ly sign.

* *

When young folk have the wisdom of age and old ople forget not the ambitions of youth, then will me team work.

* *

There are still plenty of volunteers to fill the offices the government, but maybe a selective draft would prove the quality.

* *

It is said that no house is big enough for two milies, especially if related, but you ought to see how ople live in apartments when on pleasure bent.

* *

If you listen in at the bird congress you will hear resolution presented and adopted thanking mankind for stringing wires all over the face of the earth for birds to perch upon.

* *

Guarding the Coal Pile

The story is told of a young fellow who entered the navy at the beginning of the war, with noble purpose and thrilling ambition. His first assignment was guarding a pile of coal, and he was kept there at his humble job for three months, while others were plunging into all sorts of glorious adventures on the high seas. He had lots of time to think and no doubt, like other young men, he thought how he might, if in a better place, become a hero and win promotion. But his only release was a few days furlough to go home, where his friends guyed him as a dry land sailor. All of which was irritating, but the young man had been thinking and it had come to him that at least he was rendering a necessary service and releasing some other man to the front. This young sailor never got on the blue water, but when the roll is made up of those who helped to win the war his name should appear, and not at the bottom. We need a little study of relativity when we are weighing and measuring those who win wars, whether political, social, theological or humanitarian.

Back to the Fundamentals

There is no more striking fact in the whole history of literature than that marking the sudden rise and fall of the new books of to-day, whether fiction, philosophy or religion. "The best sellers" have but a fleeting life; instead of remaining forces in shaping and directing man, even the readers thereof find themselves put to it to remember what they were all about! We have a new philosophy, a new psychology, a new religion, about every year, but before the mind can be fitted there is a newer new, and we must begin all over again. What a raft of new books we have had on the new religion in its various applications, and how have we tried to bend services and ministers and people to make them fit, but before our task is completed our "new" books are reactionary. Now we are disposed to think that nothing is lost even in the publication of new books, for in most of them there is an idea of more or less worth, and before they have gone they have inoculated some minds, and that which is good will be assimilated and become a part of the working system. But it is to be noted that there is nothing new, in a

way; we find if we trace back even the most radical of writings, that they gather their strength and make their appeal as simply adaptations of the great fundamentals of the Christian religion, as primarily in the philosophy of Christ and following down through the generations in the books that abide the assaying fires of time. There are dozens of books lying about the minister's library which came as a living flame to lighten the world, but are now neglected for new flaming torches, or for the comfort of the armchair before the fire, with a "fundamental."

Making Progress

From a newspaper item it appears that the International Sunday School Association has deleted from its program the name of Mr. William J. Bryan. No reasons are given, but it does not take much of a guesser to surmise that this political theologian has trespassed a little too far in trying to pull the religious and secular teachers back a century or two in their conception of creation. But let no one make the mistake of thinking that by excluding Mr. Bryan from one platform, he has been silenced, or has even been soft-pedaled! For so peaceful a Christian, he is a very militant politician! He frankly announced before a ministers' association that he was by profession a politician, and though so far he has not been a very successful one, he is still very much on the job. In raising this theological issue he is appealing to the vast numbers of ultra orthodox voters, and especially the new women voters of the South, and would make them think that because he is fearless in his attack upon Charles Darwin, he can run the United States government! He hath need of a few hard jolts such as the Sunday School Association hath handed him.

* *

WHAT KIND OF CONGRESS DO YOU WANT?

THOSE who have come in closest contact with the present Congress have been most severe in their judgments concerning its intellectual capacity and its moral integrity. Washington is full of stories of the contradiction between private utterances and public votes on prohibition, the bonus bill and other pending measures. In our political life as elsewhere we are victims of the after-war reaction.

All the finer, therefore, seems this ringing declaration of honesty and courage from Senator Borah when an organization in his own state threatened him with defeat, if he failed to support a measure in which they were interested:

> "I observe in your telegram the threat which you impliedly make as to future political punishment. It was wholly unnecessary for you to make this threat. It reflected no credit upon you and it has had no effect whatever on me. When you come to that fight in which you propose to inflict punishment you will doubtless be able to say many things in the way of censure upon my public service.
>
> "But one thing neither you nor any one else will be able to say, and that is that I ever sought to purchase political power by drafts upon the public treasury, or that I chose to buy a continuation in office by putting $4,000,000,000 upon the bended backs of American taxpayers.
>
> "I haven't much respect for the man who buys office even though he pays for it with his own money. But the most slimy creature which disgraces American politics is the man who buys office by paying for it with appropriations out of the public treasury and charges his venal political obligations to the taxpayers."

Every honest and intelligent citizen will approve this splendid statement, and a multitude of supposedly honest and intelligent citizens will stop there. Let us at least go enough farther to ask why we have a Congress that is what Senator Borah implies. Surely it ought to be clear that if we have such a Congress it is because of the Congressmen we send there. There are thirty-five million church members in the United States, most of them of voting age. Next fall they can elect any kind of Congress they really want. What kind do *you* want and how much do you want it?

* *

PREACH UNIVERSALISM

JAY WILLIAM HUDSON, in his book, "The Truths We Live By," declares that "the man of to-day has thought just enough to see the fallacies in the traditional forms of what used to be the great verities. He has not thought enough to see that these great verities need not disappear merely because their ancient reasons are faulty. The modern man has thought enough to deny great things; he has not thought enough to affirm great things."

All of which may be true of many people. But we desire to call the attention of Mr. Hudson and others, who are struggling their way out of the old philosophies to the new, to the fact that Universalists have been affirming great things for a long time.

To read the books which are now streaming from the presses, wherein men are relating their struggles to lay hold of something tangible and worth while in which to believe, is very interesting. It is also heartening to us. For they show that the world is coming to our position.

The obvious thing for us to do is to preach our great affirmative gospel with all the love, wisdom, power and tact we possess.

* *

THE BADNESS OF THE GOOD

DURING recent months the district attorneys of two metropolitan counties in Massachusetts have been removed from office and are now in process of disbarment. The evidence showed that they were partners and co-conspirators in a huge and long-continued blackmailing syndicate that extorted hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, from its victims. Much of the published testimony related to individuals whose conduct was on the borderland between guilt and innocence. For such, perhaps, no one need be unduly concerned. But there were others, whose cases raise questions that concern us all.

A leading lawyer was compelled to pay many thousands of dollars by the threat of indictment for an offense of which he was wholly innocent, and of which the blackmailers admitted they could not possibly convict him. It is not his yielding to their threats, however, but the reason he gave for it, that is of common concern. He told his friends that he felt compelled to make the payment to protect his family.

He said that his wife had long been a prominent church worker and most of her intimate friends were church workers. He declared his confidence that most of his business and personal friends would believe him innocent, but that all his wife's church friends would be sure of his guilt.

This verdict of a man of wide experience, himself a church attendant and generous supporter of religious institutions, is itself an indictment. Who shall say it is unjust? Bobby Burns was neither the first nor the last to discover the "unco' good." The pharisees are still with us who not only feel it to be a duty but a privilege to cast the first stone.

* *

CONAN DOYLE AND HIS NEW REVELATION

MOST of us know and appreciate Conan Doyle through his novels. We have spent many delightful hours with Sherlock Holmes, who has entertained and refreshed us by his adventures. The way he frames the problem, seeks the clue, discovers meaning in unexpected things, and finally solves the problem, holds us spellbound. We wish with all our hearts that it was Sherlock Holmes rather than Conan Doyle who had gone in search of spirits in the other world; the study of such adventures would have been far more fascinating and rewarding. But it is Conan Doyle who has taken up this task, and he is very different from Sherlock Holmes. He can not even spell correctly or write grammatically, and he slips up on such innocent matters as facts and dates (or the printer's devil does). And Sherlock Holmes is very critical in his treatment of all strange phenomena, but Conan Doyle, at the direction of some spirit, gives up the critical attitude of mind and takes up the religious attitude, which requires him to be unquestioning and responsive, and so he becomes disposed to accept any strange thing as a revelation and to be exposed to visits from any spirit. The only reminder of the critical attitude on his part is the way he repudiates the prevailing interpretation of the Christian religion. He finds considerable fault with it and has much difficulty in believing it. He reminds one of the man of whom it was said that he believed nothing in the Bible and everything outside of it. Conan Doyle, however, does not discard the Bible, but interprets it from the spiritualistic point of view. He is not keen of scent for the ethical and spiritual contents, but only for the psychical and spiritistic. He finds, for example, that the story of the transfiguration is marvelously true to his spiritistic revelation. There is the materialization of Moses and Elijah, and the desire of the three disciples, the inner psychic circle, to build three booths means that they wanted to set up dark cabinets so that further seances might be held.

The new revelation he gives us he says is far superior to anything given by any religion in the past. The world of spirits is, however, a very material world; it is sensuous through and through. It is this world practically over again. It is the land of fulfilled wishes, wishes for horses and land, tobacco and liquor, food and shelter, cats and dogs, children with golden hair growing up to youth, and old folks growing back to youth. Death divorces the present badly sorted husbands and wives and gives affinities the opportunity for their hearts' choice hereafter. Varied periods of sleep will be the lot of persons, and finally death will come to all on the lower ranges, and thus allow them to go higher, but however high they go, it appears, they never get the vision of God, He never comes into their ken. God is not in their thought, and here and now the condition of receiving such a revelation is not the pure heart and the clean hands, but abnormal powers which make for psychic sensitiveness.

We very much prefer Sherlock Holmes' stories and adventures here on the earth to Conan Doyle's new revelation of the life of spirits in the other world. The stories exhibit greater critical power, a profounder sense of the mystery of life, and a far more modest claim to knowledge, and they are more interesting.

* *

GRANT OR FOCH, WHICH?

THE centenary of the birth of Ulysses S. Grant ought to revivify his personality in the mind and much more the heart of every American. To some of us Appomattox was not his greatest hour. We like to dwell on those last great days at Mount McGregor, when his spirit conquered weakness and pain, that he might leave the heritage of an untarnished name.

But, after all, the Grant of that final battle was not other or different from the Grant of earlier years. No better characterization of him could be made than that of the Confederate General Longstreet: "General Grant had come to be known as an all-round fighter, seldom if ever surpassed; but the biggest part of him was his heart."

Robert E. Lee's biographer, Thomas Nelson Page, says:

> "I love to think of Grant that April day at Appomattox: the simple soldier, the strenuous fighter who, though thrashed, was always ready to fight again; who now, though he had achieved the prize for which he had fought so hard and paid so dearly, was so modest and so unassuming that but for his shoulder straps and that yet better mark of rank, his generosity, he might not have been known as the victor. Southerners generally have long forgiven Grant all else for the magnanimity that he showed that day to Lee. By his orders no salutes of joy were fired, no public marks of exultation over his fallen foe were allowed. History contains no finer example of greatness."

To the magnanimity of Lincoln and Grant, but first of all Grant, as the victorious commander, we owe not merely a country under one flag but a country long since healed of the hurts of civil war and increasingly one in spirit.

Now turn from the past to the present. Another and greater war brought forth another supreme military genius. If Marshal Foch had died on Armistice Day he would have been crowned not only with glory but with gratitude. But alas, he has lived on to become the incarnation and the symbol of implacable hate. *"Vae victis"* is still his motto, and a cold terror strikes to the heart of Europe as it realizes that hate is breeding war and more war.

The spirit of Grant or the spirit of Foch—which? There is not room in the world for both. We must rebuild the world on the one or the other will destroy even what it has not already destroyed.

The Genoa Conference

George F. Milton, Jr.

BY far the most important secular event since the signing of the Versailles treaty is the Genoa Conference, now in progress in the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. It is the first of the thirteen conferences so far held to which envoys from Russia, Germany, and the states made from the Austrian Empire have been admitted as equals. In the first week there were intense strains on the links binding the conferees, and it is a matter of doubt whether it will live to discuss all the items of the agenda prepared beforehand.

However, the very fact of the meeting about the board has had a good effect. The positions of Britain, France, Italy, Russia, and Germany have been so stated that all nations have reached a better understanding of them. Several events have occurred which have illumined the attitudes of the various nations.

The opening day of the conference, M. Tchicherin, Soviet minister of foreign affairs, replying to an address of Mr. Lloyd George, took occasion to say that Russia would gladly co-operate in any endeavor which would better insure peace, and reduce the armament of the world. M. Barthou, chief French delegate, immediately protested that "disarmament" was not on the agenda, and must under no consideration be discussed.

By "agenda" was meant the list of "things to be done, or undertaken," a list made out at the previous Cannes Conference, and carefully sterilized by France of both disarmament and reparations. A conference or a parley usually operates on such predetermined "agenda," which are, so to speak, the calendar or docket of the court. As disarmament had been very surely omitted from the agenda, France had a technical right to object to its discussion.

Mr. Lloyd George upheld the French objection, because of its technical soundness, warning the Russians "not to overload the ship, lest it founder." He held out promise, however, that disarmament would be considered at a future conference.

Things seemed to move serenely for a few days. The Allies foregathered with Russia (excluding Germany and the minor states) and delivered to the Soviet envoys the minimum terms upon which Russia would be recognized. These included the recognition of the external Russian debt, the establishment of impartial justice for foreigners, even by the granting of rights of extra-territorial judiciary to the other nations, guarantees of security for foreign investors, and so on. To all these Russia said nothing, asking for time to study them.

At length she let it be known that she would recognize the debts existing up to 1914. These were mainly French, and represent the chief reason for the French policy toward the Soviet. The loans contracted after the outbreak of the war the Soviet considered in the nature of payments for aid to the Allies in their battle with Germany, which the Russians were not benefited by, and so were in no wise responsible for their repayment.

But on Easter Sunday came a bombshell—at least, the French and British so chose to consider it—a Russo-German treaty. The Allied participants in the Conference were stirred to mighty wrath that the Germans and the Soviet should have done such a thing without first obtaining their consent. There was talk of dissolving the Conference, of immediately occupying the Ruhr, and imposing severe penalties upon the Germans for their "audacity" and "impertinence." In fact, the Germans were excluded from the conferences with Russia, and made to feel the full weight of Allied displeasure.

It might be interesting to know what sort of an instrument occasioned such heartburnings at Genoa. An examination of it discloses no *cache* of dynamite to blow up the hegemony of Europe. It is a rectification of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, of 1917, when Lenin and Trotzky made peace with the victorious German armies. The treaty of Rapallo was to cancel all grievances and claims between Germany and Russia. In the words of Dr. Rathenau, leader of the German envoys, "it passes the sponge completely over the slate of past claims of indebtedness on either side." It will enable the two nations to start afresh on development of trade relations and German investment in Russia, unhandicapped by any financial or diplomatic complications from former eras.

That does not seem such a heinous crime—in fact, it seems highly commendable. When any two nations in the world, whosoever they be, wipe the slate of claims, indemnities, hatreds, bitternesses, between them, it should be a signal for rejoicing.

The great evils of Europe, and all civilization, to-day, are Hate and Fear. These twin genii keep hundreds of thousands of peace-loving young Frenchmen, Belgians, Italians, Greeks, Turks, Japanese, Americans, in arms. They cause them to imbibe deep draughts of the intemperate wine of Passion, Revenge, Force. Hate and fear are kept active because the nations have scores to settle; they owe, or are owed, indemnities, loans, debts. They have given, or received, diplomatic slights or slurs. Their fears and passions are fed on the past, on legal "rights," "debts," "reparations." These miasmic mists have arisen from the swamps of war, and are still clouding their eyes and unsettling their minds.

What the world needs is to get a little fresh air. Let the strong pure wind of Heaven blow these mists away from our eyes. Or, to change the metaphor, wipe clean our slates of embittering differences. The world has a plenty for us all. In her teeming bosom is countless wealth, enough to feed, clothe, support in comfort the peoples of the nations. It is far easier to wrest it from her in concert, than to fight with each other over the possession of only a part of it.

There are some good tendencies at Genoa, and some bad. The very fact of holding a conference, in place of the sinister methods of secret diplomacy of pre-war days, is encouraging. The admission of Russia and Germany, even in subordinate capacities, is a sign of returning sanity. After many misgivings

France attended. Latterly she has been urging return to the devious, tedious, and unsatisfactory ways of old-time diplomacy. We are glad she is willing to give face-to-face meetings another trial. Poor France has had many hopes, and many disappointments. She won at Versailles, and lost in the United States Senate. She wrested the impossible from the Germans on paper, and found its fulfilment would wreck the economic machinery of Europe. She has been invaded so often, and so needlessly, that she is embittered and suspicious of the world in general. At moments she is willing, Samson like, to pull the temple to destruction, though she be buried in the ruins.

But it seems that the chauvinism of the moment has given way to the real desire to confer, discuss, and agree. Security is, after all, what she desires. Her idea of it is a bit inflated, but after all it is a laudable aim. And the world is quite willing to give France a real security—not by alliances and pledged armies, but by removing the causes of conflict, restoring the bases of industry and peace, beating swords into plowshares, and wiping clean the slate.

It is far too early to tell what will result at Genoa. There are no definite programs. There are many jealousies and bitternesses. Yet the nations have assembled at the council-table. They are talking out their troubles. Public opinion of the world is veering more and more toward peace and disarmament. If Genoa fails, there will be another conference. Civilization is determined to heal her wounds. The history of man is of faltering steps forward toward peace and happiness—often a diversion, a bloody battle, but always struggling ahead again after all his conflicts. Otherwise we would still be savages. We have now had our battle, our wandering from the upward path. We are ready to go forward again. It is irresistible, inevitable. These little sputterings will not prevent it.

The Christian and the Jew

Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Rabbi of the Free Synagogue

INSTEAD of dealing in general terms with the questions of how to reach a better understanding between Jews and Christians in America, and what Christian churches can do to offset prejudice, I venture to offer a concrete example as it has come under my observation of what one group in our land is doing to bring about a finer, juster understanding between Jew and Christian.

For a number of years, as many as five or more, the Hartford Theological Seminary, affiliated with the Congregational Church, has sent its graduating class in a body to New York in order that its members may before graduation familiarize themselves with its outstanding social and religious institutions. Year after year, under the guidance of a member of its faculty, the members of the class have come to me to hear my word on what can be done by men in the Christian ministry in our land to lessen and indeed to overcome the prejudice that obtains against the Jew as Jew. I trust that I have not been discourteous in the manner and the measure of my frankness in speaking to these fine, earnest young men, eagerly seeking an understanding of what can be done by them as teachers of Christianity to lessen its responsibility for the prejudice which is widely and generally felt by Christians against Jews.

I have tried to point out to these young men what I now put on paper for the first time, namely, that a threefold responsibility rests upon the Christian Church or Churches, and above all upon those who are responsible for the guidance thereof. For one thing, Christianity is a daughter religion of mother Israel. Christianity is rooted in the soil whence the faith of Israel grew. Christianity is directly and immediately related to the religion of Israel, whether one hold it to be completer Judaism, or, with Darmstetter, that it is a Jewish heresy, or, with us, unswervingly loyal members of the House of Israel, that it is widely divergent from the faith of Jesus the Jew. This circumstance alone, and apart from everything else, imposes an abiding and inescapable obligation upon the Christian Church in relation to a people directly descended from those who were the founders and disciples of Israel.

The second responsibility that rests upon Christianity is the obvious one which grows out of the false, and, in its results, infinitely hurtful teaching that Jews as Jews are responsible for the manner of the death of Jesus. In all history there has been no more deep and hurtful injustice than has been wrought by the over-emphasis upon Jews as the slayers of Jesus and the under-emphasis upon Jews as the bearers and bringers of Jesus. The eternal insistence upon Jews as Christ-killers rather than Jesus-begetters has resulted in overwhelming woe to the House of Israel. Never to forget and never to cease insisting that Judas Iscariot was a Jew, never to insist nor even to remember that Jesus of Nazareth was as truly and completely a Jew as any Jew of his or any generation, has resulted in immeasurable injustice to Jew and Christian like, for injustice is not less hurtful to the unjust than to their victims.

I maintain that there will be no appreciable lessening of prejudice among Christians against Jews until Christian Churches earnestly and solemnly affirm that the death of Jesus was but incidental to the eternal fact of the birth and rise and teaching and influence of Jesus, the young Judean of Nazareth. Whatever Christians may have taught or believed touching this in the past, their duty in the present is clear as are the heavens in the noon hour—the duty of affirming that incalculable and eternal is the debt of Christendom to Israel, of whose gifts to it Jesus as treasured by them is chiefest.

And a third reason, perhaps most binding of all, to move Christian Churches consciously to do battle against existent prejudice against the Jew, ought to be found in a consciousness of reparation owing to the Jew for nearly nineteen centuries of Christlessness suffered by Christ's people. I have said to these young men of whom I have spoken : We gave you light and you have bound us in darkness; we have blessed

you with Jesus and you curse us with Christlessness; we gave you your best, and to us in return you have done your worst in his name. Nothing, in a word, could have been more unmessianic than the attitude of Christendom toward Israel, the people of Jesus, though I do not forget that there have been in every generation Christian men and women who have borne themselves as the new brothers and sisters of Jesus toward his elder brothers and sisters.

But even if all these things were not true—that is to say even if Christianity was not the child of Israel; even if there were not centuries of Christless wrong to the Jew to atone for—Christianity is a religion, Christians are disciples of a high faith. It is to themselves chiefly and to us Jews only secondarily that Christians owe it to be Christian, to be the followers of the Jew who commended love, who commanded forgiveness, who bade men rise to the sublime heights of brotherliness.

But, it may be asked, have Jews no duty to Christendom? May it not be asked of us that we as a corporate religious community be just to Christians and to Christendom? We should be, we are, we have always been just to Christianity and to Christendom alike, even though we have not found it possible to subscribe to the Christianized teaching of Jesus the Jew. In the presence of mountainous injustice and wrong inflicted upon the Jew by Christendom, the Jew has not been unforbearing to the Christian. For nearly two thousand years the Jew has been schooled by reason of the practises of Christendom in the sublime art of forgiveness. If Christendom has terribly hurt the Jew it has also greatly served the Jew by evoking from his soul a measure of forbearance to which no other people on earth has ever been challenged to rise. We have been, we would be, we shall be just to Christendom, whatever Christendom be to the Jew.

I must be permitted to warn Christian teachers who are in earnest against a peculiarly insidious form of unbrotherliness, an unbrotherliness of mere tolerance, the unbrotherliness of patronage and condescension, which are rooted in a sense of superiority. By every warrant then, by the warrant of an uncancelable indebtedness; by the warrant of the obligation of repairing, as far as one generation may repair, the deeds of former generations, the wrong our fathers have suffered at the hands of Christendom; by the warrant which grows out of the professions of Christian Churches, I would serve Christianity by admonishing it to be so just to the Jewish collectively and to every Jewish individual as an individual that prejudice or prejudgment in thought or act shall cease to be.

Unless the Christian Church go before, unless its leaders lead in a new and higher crusade, not for the redemption of the tomb of the Christ, but for the redemption of the spirit of their Christ from the shame which Christlessness has put upon it, who shall follow? And if Christianity lead, who in very truth shall fail to follow?

Editorial Correspondence

THE fly on the chariot wheel had a good time thinking he was making the thing go round, until some wise fly revealed what a conceited little fool he was. There are a good many human flies, besides those who scale the steep side of a building. I am one! The mockingbirds are here in vast numbers; it is the nesting season, and our world is full of melody, and almost any sort of a human is happy, excepting when the chorus begins at daylight! For these mockingbirds are so jolly and so friendly and so responsive! Now I was taught to whistle when I was a boy, or, more likely, learned without teaching, and have some conceit as to my ability, and I thought if a little brown bird with a grey breast and splashes of white on its wings and long tail, can make such marvelous music, of course I can! So when one came and perched on a low branch near by, I whistled just like the bird—I know it was just like it, for I heard it, and the mockingbird heard it also and immediately showed interest. Then I gently called my family to witness the marvel of bird charming. The bird turned his head this way and that, and peered down in my direction and hopped a bit nearer, to another branch; but just as I raised my hand in triumph to the family, that, wretched bird plunged down, not to me, but to the lawn, and captured a big bug, which he had been watching all the time as it scurried through the long grass, and then he proceded to make a salad in his long bill, with which he flew away to feed the new generation of songsters in the nest. My family smiled audibly, and then fled, and through the open door I caught these words: "Yes, he is a charmer, all right, but not of birds; some one should brush him off the chariot wheel!" And I was left alone to consider my conceit.

* *

On another occasion I discoursed learnedly to the family on the gentleness and sweet spirit which went with the song of the mockingbird. That was in the evening hours. But the next morning this fly got rudely brushed from the chariot wheel again, for as I came out on the porch I came into the front of a miniature world-war. A half grown kitten, wandering amiably about, had disturbed a young mockingbird, which, startled at the sight of the four-legged monster, had given an alarm, and immediately the aviator division came in full force upon the cavalry, attacking before and behind, and raucus sounds came from those tuneful throats and in a moment the cat fled before the valorous birds. And then the victors sang. But not for long, for there came into the arena a little bird hardly more than half the size of the mockingbird, a pretty bird with a white downy breast, with black markings. He was evidently hungry, and looked with longing eyes upon the baby mockingbird. The parents of the latter knew him, and then there was another war. I recognized the newcomer as the shrike, or, as we call him up North, the "butcher bird," and he has the reputation, which he has justly earned, of being the nastiest fighter, for his weight, in the ornithological ring. Yet he is such a soft and cosy and in-

offensive bunch of feathers! There is a tradition that he not only kills insects and small animals, but birds larger than himself, and hangs them on thorns as a butcher hangs carcasses on hooks! This may not be true, but he can fight! His presence, with his eye on that baby mockingbird, was sufficient to set the older birds crazy with anger, and they are no amateurs in fighting. They went after him like arrows shot from a bow, but he never budged. No matter from what direction they came that little head with the scissors beak was always there first, and all they could do was to distract his attention till the young bird had fled to safety, and then they followed, with the little enemy in hot pursuit.

Then did I fall off the wheel of knowledge because I presumed to know so much which was not so! And then I began thinking along collateral lines, how these soft and fluffy bunches of feathers, these birds with the sweet voices, seem to have a lot of the traditional spirit of the Bolsheviki, and live the gospel of slaughter. These birds are very wonderful in many ways, but what about the insects in their lowly kingdom? Between angelic songs there is satanic slaughter of those who have an equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

* *

But how are we to know, and be sure of what we know? In the human kingdom we recognize different standards; the objective of one people which they call happiness may be as far removed from the objective of another as heaven is from the other place! May it not be possible that, in the insect world, the inhabitants thereof are hoping and praying that they may some time attain to the felicity of being swallowed by a mockingbird so that their homely and discordant life may be turned into a song so beautiful the woods are charmed?

We flies on the wheel of time, where we think we are making the world go round, some time, as the darkey informed the Lord in his prayer, get flung off into eternity, then where are we?

We do not have to go to Timbuctoo, nor yet into the humble kingdom of the bugs, to find queer things and queer people. Many of them are reflected in our own mirrors; they are here on my street, and yours.

* *

There is a man walking along the other side of the street. I know what he is, and what he has done—the splendid fight he has put up against disease and poverty and open enemies. He has set the world a noble and notable example, but he is not advertising it. He has been pushing the world along towards better things, but not crowing over it. While up the street a little way is a big theater, and splashed all over the outside the pictures of the "star," who does nothing, absolutely nothing, save to imitate my modest friend across the street. But this "star" has a notion that he shines for all; he collects the fame and the money, not by being, but by imitating, the real. The man over the street is pushing the wheels along, the other stealing a ride.

There are human flies galore, political flies, professional flies, social flies, ministerial flies, commercial flies; mostly they are riding the wheels, while the humble and commonplace but genuine and true are pushing them along.

F. A. B.

The Papers of John Pererin

XXXII The New Kingship

THIS is Palm Sunday as I write; and I have been reading over again the story of the entry into Jerusalem. As I read, I was reminded of two incidents in the course of the Palestine campaign in the war which make a significant contrast and suggest another more significant. When the Emir Feisul entered Damascus, it was in the traditional manner of the victorious oriental potentate. Cavalcades of dashing horsemen entered the city at full gallop, with much shouting, gun-firing and cracking of fireworks. And presently Feisul followed in all the pomp and circumstance of his victory. But when, a few weeks earlier, General Allenby entered Jerusalem, he came on foot, as a friend might have come, for doubtless, being a good Christian and having a sense of the fitness of things, he recalled how another greater than he had come within those walls many centuries before. And in the contrast between the event of that first far-off Palm Sunday and the entry of Feisul into Damascus, you have a characteristic antithesis between the wisdom of the natural man and the wisdom of the Son of Man.

Jesus was well aware of what he was doing when he came into Jerusalem riding an ass. I think that he never did anything more deliberately. I have seen the incident described as a "piece of innocent play-acting." But surely this is a grave misreading of it. The actor impersonates, he assumes the habit and interprets the character of another man. But Jesus was plainly interpreting himself and no other. What we have here is an acted parable. He had spoken many parables; now he acts one. Something is being taught in a living picture. And the deliberation and the sought-out publicity of the incident suggest that the lesson was of a momentous and capital kind. Consider also the moment—the moment to which Jesus had looked forward from the day on which he had set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem. Just ahead of him lay the supreme apocalypse of his soul, the unveiling of himself in the whole inmost truth of his being in the face of the vested interests of worldliness in Church and State. And it was surely no secondary utterance that he was intending at such an hour. This was no "piece of innocent play-acting," a sideshow on the road. It was a manifesto, a nailing of the colors to the mast, the prologue that furnished the clue to all that was to come.

An intelligent by-stander who knew his Scriptures would at least see something of the point of it. He would recall the old prophecy of the king coming on an ass, and he would gather that this Galilean teacher was setting himself up for a king. And he would shrug his

shoulders at the futility of it. Others there had been who had raised a standard to which brave men had rallied, to try to re-establish the old Jewish kingdom, but the story had always the same pitiful ending. The Roman power had proved too strong, and the end had been failure. What chance then had this unarmed Galilean where strong men had fallen down? So he shrugged his shoulders again and went home. But he had missed the most significant part of the procession. He had observed the Galilean, the crowd, the shouting, the palm-leaves. But he had not paid attention to the ass.

For the king who comes on an ass must mean something different by kingship from the king that comes on a charger, with a shining body-guard and a flourish of trumpets. There were kings enough in the world—great emperors like Caesar and little kinglets like Herod—and they were all of a piece. Jesus had observed them and had summed the matter up in a very concise word: "The rulers of the nations lord it over them." The king was the great man, the superman who commanded other men, who had authority over them, even to the power of life and death.

He exacted service and obedience; and if in his humaner moments he was betrayed into any kindliness toward the people whom he ruled he accounted it to himself for righteousness and recorded it on his coins. He stamped them with the word *"euergetes,"* which means benefactor, just as Henry VIII styled himself "Defender of the Faith," even after he had abandoned the faith that he had defended. And in order to bolster up their authority still farther, it was the pleasant habit of these kings to claim sanctity for their persons, affirming themselves either to be descended from the gods, like the Mikado of Japan, or to be kings by divine right, like James I. All through, the idea of kingship is associated with notions of ascendency and authority. "But," said Jesus, "it shall not be so among you, but he that would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all." This is the new kingship; and it was of this doctrine of kingship that Jesus was making dramatic disclosure on the road to Jerusalem.

And he was challenging all that traditional cycle of doctrine—sovereignty, ascendency, power and dominion—as he saw it exercised on the political side by the Roman empire and on the ecclesiastical side by the Jewish hierarchy. He was affirming the Royalty of Humility, the Sovereignty of Service. The kingships of the world did indeed rest upon service—the forced service of others. But Jesus proclaims a new doctrine of social integration—the doctrine of lowly and willing service. The king was the symbol and source of political unity; but the very doctrine of his office exalted him above and so separated him from the unity he was supposed to preserve; and his very methods of preserving it—coercion and fear—sowed seeds of disruption which soon or late never failed to bear fruit. The true king is the man who by his life is creating a social unity about himself, who generates and diffuses friendship and comradeship. He may not have the title, but he has the character and he does the work. This is he who achieves a true royalty, who gains the only abiding throne—the throne in our hearts. It was said to me the other day concerning such a man, and said with palpable spontaneity, "That man is a prince." That proves my point. I care not, for myself, who wears crowns of gold if so be that I deserve to wear *that* crown, the invisible crown of love. And it was this capital and final truth that Jesus was proclaiming on the road to Jerusalem, in that prologue that was presently consummated in the deathless wonder of the Cross.

Thou Son of Man, in whom are all the treasures of knowledge and wisdom hidden, deliver us from the foolish wisdom of this world, by which thou wast crucified. Give us the insight to see that a man's glory lies in becoming a servant as thou becamest, and that the heights of life are reached by way of its depths. We are infatuated with empty dreams of greatness and power, and they turn to ashes before the dream is ended. We pray that we may take for our wisdom the foolishness of God and for our strength His weakness. Amen.

"New Churches for Old"*

THIS volume is first of all an autobiography. If John Haynes Holmes were a classicist instead of a modernist, he might like Newman have called it, *"Apologia pro Vita Sua."* An acute analyst might easily dissect out the successive spiritual experiences of the author. Here is the record of his early struggle to free himself from that complacent New England Unitarianism that boasted it had Emerson to its father and therefore needed no repentance for its pride of caste. There are passages still hot with the flaming revolt of "The League for Social Justice," that reincarnated the spirit of Channing among those who paid homage to the name of that great humanist without revealing or even desiring any measure of his spirit. Here and there the very letters themselves are red with the heartblood of a lover of peace battered and wounded by a war maddened world. Most of all it is a record of imprisonment, the story of a mountain-born idealist, sentenced to dwell where things are ugliest, where greed and selfishness and materialism are most blatantly triumphant.

But if it tells where its author has been, it also reveals where he has not been. It is the splendid, thrilling story of an Elijah who has not bowed the knee to Baal. Here and there it riots in the wrath that slew the prophets by Kishon. Here and there is the fleeing pessimism that bewails that none other is left to bear witness for Jehovah. But nowhere from cover to cover is there evidence of the long journey to the "Still Small Voice."

Here is where the book fails, because its author failes to realize the ultimate need of the soul and its answering. "Religion," says Mr. Holmes, "is simply the supreme expression of human nature; it is

*New Churches for Old. By Rev. John Haynes Holmes. Price $2.00.

man thinking his highest, feeling his deepest, and living his best." Religion is that, and there could be no finer example of how such a religion can mold and shape a life to high ends than the life of John Haynes Holmes.

But religion is more than that, and in that "more" lies the fallacy of this book and the futility of the type of church it describes. What Mr. Holmes calls the collapse of sectarian and denominational churches is not a matter of form but of spirit. His proposed community church would not improve the situation unless men brought into it or received from it a deeper sense of the things that are eternal.

Mr. Holmes' own illustration refutes his own theory:

> The state will be the community functioning politically; the church will be the community functioning spiritually. . . . Take, for example, a little town in the northern part of New York! Suppose we went to this town on a certain Wednesday night, when the town meeting was being held. There we would see some two or three hundred persons gathered together as citizens for the consideration of the social business of the community. Now suppose we stayed over in this town until the following Sunday, and went to church. We would then discover that this town had a single church which was not denominational but "community" in character. . . . When we entered this gathering on Sunday morning and looked about us, we would discover that we were in the midst of exactly the same two or three hundred persons whom we had seen in the town meeting on the previous Wednesday night. This church, in other words, is simply the community gathered together on Sunday morning for the fostering of the common religious life of the people. . . . They are members of the church for the same reason that they are members of the town meeting—*because they are citizens.*

"They are members of the church because they are citizens." They make no choice, they may come from as low and base motives as take them to town meeting to get a petty office. They are there because they live within the township limits. How much shall we improve our situation by substituting for a free fellowship a geographic compulsion?

Church folk may well read this book for its vigorous and graphic portrayal of the weakness and inadequacy of our present religious institutions. We may well confess with shame that the author has shown us our own darkest spiritual America, but we must also sorrowfully admit that he has not shown us the way out. *H. M.*

Target Practice

Charles A. Alden

HIGHER criticism is an effort to build our religious temple on the rock of eternal truth rather than on the sands of an ever-evolving human conception of the truth. It is an attempt in spiritual Bertillionizing. It tries to establish standards of identification for God and man.

There are four things which practically all religions accept as identifying God, namely, power, wisdom, justice, and love. At Gloucester I tried to show that these remain as acceptable terms although our human ideas concerning them have changed. We know power may be under restraint, where formerly it could not be conceived except as demonstrated. We think of wisdom as always achieving, not as some static point to be reached. We think of justice as inclusive, not in the terms of individual or group rights. We think of love as enduring, knowing that "love never faileth" and that what fails can not be love.

Not long since the combination of a long trip and eyes unequal to reading on the train induced a prolonged period of meditation. In it I came to the knowledge that there is intimate similarity between these four things by which all men identify God and the four things of our human nature with which Jesus commanded that we love God. The latter four are mind, and soul, and heart, and strength. For a moment compare the two tables:

Power	Strength
Wisdom	Mind
Justice	Soul
Love	Heart

Can any human mind conceive anything divine that is not included in the four realms of power, wisdom, justice, and love? Can any human mind conceive anything human that is not included in the four realms of strength, mind, soul and heart?

Suppose you then read your Bible, where it speaks of God, or the Lord, or Jehovah, or with any pronoun standing for either of those names, by substituting for such name or pronoun the four standards of divine identification. For instance, take the familiar text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of power, wisdom, justice, and love, and their righteousness, and all these things, of strength, mind, soul, and heart, shall be added unto you."

The ten commandments become the law of your own desire rather than an arbitrary decree set forth by God of His own whim or autocratic authority: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me because I, Power, Wisdom, Justice, and Love, am jealous for you my children." Who wants any other gods than Power, Wisdom, Justice and Love?

Take the slogan of the kingdom on the lips of John the Baptist, and a little later repeated by Jesus: "Repent ye, for the kingdom of Power, Wisdom, Justice and Love is at hand." It is not merely a command. It is common sense that for your own sake or salvation you must, and in fairness to yourself you want to, repent of things that are weak, foolish, unjust, and hateful. Your own strength, and mind, and soul and heart are tied up with the things of the kingdom of God which you should seek first.

The Lord's Prayer becomes very practical if we think of its phrases slowly and reverently thus: "Thy kingdom of Power, Wisdom, Justice, and Love come. Thy will of Power, Wisdom, Justice, and Love be done on earth as it is in heaven."

The promises of the Old and New Testament become agleam with new and inspiring helpfulness when you think of them thus. Take Isaiah 40:31 for example: "They that wait upon Power, Wisdom, Justice, and Love, shall renew their strength. They shall

mount up on wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." Or, again, Isaiah 41 : 10: "Fear thou not for I am with thee." Who is with thee? Power, Wisdom, Justice, and Love. "Be not dismayed, for I, Power, Wisdom, Justice and Love, am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Or again, Romans 8 : 28: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love Power, Wisdom, Justice and Love." These are only suggestive examples. Your Bible is full of these marks of the spiritual Bertillion system.

But these are the perfect four. Humanity has learned that things do not work for the success, and can not be permitted to work for the success, of Power when it is divorced from Wisdom, Justice, and Love. And neither can we find the peace, or harmony, we desire, on earth, even by Love combined with our best Wisdom, and our willingness for Justice, when we try to ignore the question of what Power is ruling in the world. The four combined include all things, of God and man, for time and for eternity.

* * *

WESTERN HEADQUARTERS

Louisa L. Magraw

I WISH you could all be here with me, on these beautiful spring days, and enjoy the beauty of the Midway with its velvety green grass and trees just coming into leaf, as seen against the grey stone background made by the buildings of the University of Chicago. Add to this natural beauty the steady stream of automobiles passing on the boulevard and the gaily colored clothes of the equestrians trotting up and down the bridle path, and one has an idea of the beauty of the location of the Western Headquarters.

It is said that "nothing succeeds like success." If that is true your Western Headquarters is succeeding, for we are continually getting orders from parishes which have formerly placed their orders elsewhere, and we are receiving a larger number from those parishes which were our first loyal supporters. The monthly income has increased perceptibly, but we are not yet self-supporting, and we are depending on the further loyalty of our Western Universalists.

A number of parishes place their orders for all their books, including fiction, study and what not, through this office, and this helps materially; others order their Sunday school materials through this branch though they may not be using Universalist lessons. We are very glad to benefit by this method, also, but if you have not tried the Universalist lessons why not give them a trial, now that they are so easily available? We could assist more parishes by both these methods, if they would allow us to.

Further, we wish to fulfil the duties of a personal service bureau, and if you need supplies but do not know exactly what you want, or need, to meet the conditions, if you will furnish us with the details of your difficulty we will try to get you what you need to meet your specified problem.

When all the parishes in this western country "get Universalism" enough to use Universalist supplies and materials, or at least to order what they do use through the Universalist channels, there will be no difficulty in having a thriving and prosperous Western Headquarters.

Are *you* helping to make possible the maintenance of this headquarters which means so much to our Church and our churches?

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Diminishing Returns

THE daughter of the daughter of Keturah inquired of me, saying, What maketh more noise than a Pig Under a Gate?

And I had heard that Conundrum, but I let her tell me.

And she said, Two Pigs.

And she thought it a Good Joke, and I thought so, also.

But I considered, and I said unto myself, While Two Pigs Under Gates make more noise than One Pig Under a Gate, do they make twice as much noise?

And I answered, that they probably do. For there is Power in co-operative effort; and there be times when one and one are more than two; for one doth chase a Thousand, and two put Ten Thousand to flight. And while One Man is sufficient unto himself for life's essential choices, yet are two men, working together, able to accomplish what ten men working separately sometimes fail to do.

But I considered this, also, that there cometh a point where the Proportion faileth to produce Adequate Results. For the Engineer can not forever increase his Speed by Burning More Coal, nor the Farmer forever make his Farm Richer by adding More Fertilizer.

And I said, I talked with a man who buildeth Organs. And he said, There is no organ that can not be made larger and louder by adding more Pipes; but there cometh a point where the noise of one set of pipes interfereth with the noise of another set; and thou canst not by adding pipes make an Organ that will be heard in the Moon.

Now all this is a lesson in what is known as the Law of Diminishing Returns. For there cometh a time for Crop Rotation. And for lack of it, Banks Fail, and businesses that are successful Go Broke, and the messages of Preachers go Stale, and Teachers get Dry Rot.

For while in life one must learn to Bunch his Hits, and the pins which one knocketh down on a Spare or a Ten Strike count double or even thrice, still must there be a Varied Method, or Fertility Runneth out, and the Game ceaseth to be worth the Candle.

For the secret of life is not wholly expressed in the discovery of more Pigs and More Gates; and even if it were, both Pigs and Gates have other uses than the Production of Music.

* * *

REASONING FROM EXPERIENCE

The carpets and rugs were being taken up, and little Isabel was watching the operation with a great deal of curiosity, since this was the first spring cleaning she had ever witnessed. Finally, after considerable reflection on the subject, she asked,

"Mother, are you goin' to let the floor go barefooted?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

JESSE B. FOSHER

Jesse B. Fosher was born on Nov. 25, 1847, at Blakesburg, Ind., the eldest of seven children born to John and Louisa Fosher. His boyhood was spent on the old home farm, but at the age of seventeen he began teaching school. Through his early youth he was a constant attendant at services at the church near his home, which had been built by his grandfather, and where he first learned the beautiful faith which was to be his whole life.

In 1870 he was married to Burilla Young, and to this union five children were born, two dying in infancy. At about the time of his marriage he helped to build the Universalist church at Fincastle, Ind., and was for seventeen years superintendent of the Sunday school. He was ordained in 1887 at Logansport, Ind., and in the following years served many parishes in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky and Ohio. He probably did more than any other one man to further the cause of Universalism through the Middle West, as he was constantly working to open new churches, and to bring new members to these churches. For several years he was assistant superintendent of churches in Illinois, and later was superintendent of churches in Kentucky. His last parish was at Conover, Ohio, where he was active until within a few weeks of his death.

Mr. Fosher's work in Kentucky was of especial value to the denomination. In the four years that he was there he reorganized and built up the work, leaving the churches in far better condition than when he went there. He also did much good work for the cause of prohibition in the state.

In 1904 his first wife died, and in 1907 he married Laura C. Alexander, who, with three children of the first marriage—Mrs. Amos Whitmeyer, of Kokomo, Ind., D. C. Fosher, of South Bend, Ind., and P. L. Fosher, of Mallory, N. Y.—survives him.

He had been ill for more than a year, but had kept bravely at his work as long as was possible, preaching his last sermon at Conover, Jan. 8.

He died at his home in Troy, Ohio, on April 6. Short services, in charge of the Rev. J. L. Wolbach, his successor at Conover, were held at the home the following afternoon, and on Sunday, April 9, final services were held at his old home church in Fincastle, Ind., the Rev. Wellington Holmes of Logansport officiating. Burial was made in the Blakesburg cemetery, in sight of his boyhood home.

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MORE MEMORIES OF DR. PERIN

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

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In his youth, he lived with his parents on a farm in Iowa. Later the family moved to Oregon and continued farming. Near their home was a Universalist church, which he attended, although, as I remember, his parents were not of our faith. One summer Dr. Rexford, now living in Columbus, Ohio, was called to the Oregon church to hold a grove meeting for a week. Mr. Perin attended these meetings and became greatly interested in our faith. He went to Dr. Rexford and told him he would like to become a Universalist minister. He said he had no money but would be willing to work his way through school if he could get located and started. Dr. Rexford asked him if he could get money enough to get down to San Francisco, where Dr. Rexford was preaching at that time. He said he could, and so plans were made for him to go in the early fall to San Francisco and go where Dr. Rexford thought best to send him. And right here will be a good time to relate a little experience Mr. Perin told me happened to him while he was preparing to meet Dr. Rexford. He had written a sermon and wanted to practise on it, so he went to the woods where he thought he would be alone. But there were Indians all around them at that time. He got up on a large stump and delivered his sermon to the woods and when he had finished he looked to one side and there stood an Indian. He said the Indian looked at him for a moment, then said "Dam fool," and walked away. Mr. Perin said he thought the Indian was right. In the meantime Dr. Rexford procured from his friends enough money to send Mr. Perin to Canton, N. Y., to our school, where in due time he was ordained to the ministry.

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E. T. Binns.

Bryan, Ohio.

* * *

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mount up on wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." Or, again, Isaiah 41 : 10: "Fear thou not for I am with thee." Who is with thee? Power, Wisdom, Justice, and Love. "Be not dismayed, for I, Power, Wisdom, Justice and Love, am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Or again, Romans 8 : 28: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love Power, Wisdom, Justice and Love." These are only suggestive examples. Your Bible is full of these marks of the spiritual Bertillion system.

But these are the perfect four. Humanity has learned that things do not work for the success, and can not be permitted to work for the success, of Power when it is divorced from Wisdom, Justice, and Love. And neither can we find the peace, or harmony, we desire, on earth, even by Love combined with our best Wisdom, and our willingness for Justice, when we try to ignore the question of what Power is ruling in the world. The four combined include all things, of God and man, for time and for eternity.

* * *

WESTERN HEADQUARTERS

Louisa L. Magraw

I WISH you could all be here with me, on these beautiful spring days, and enjoy the beauty of the Midway with its velvety green grass and trees just coming into leaf, as seen against the grey stone background made by the buildings of the University of Chicago. Add to this natural beauty the steady stream of automobiles passing on the boulevard and the gaily colored clothes of the equestrians trotting up and down the bridle path, and one has an idea of the beauty of the location of the Western Headquarters.

It is said that "nothing succeeds like success." If that is true your Western Headquarters is succeeding, for we are continually getting orders from parishes which have formerly placed their orders elsewhere, and we are receiving a larger number from those parishes which were our first loyal supporters. The monthly income has increased perceptibly, but we are not yet self-supporting, and we are depending on the further loyalty of our Western Universalists.

A number of parishes place their orders for all their books, including fiction, study and what not, through this office, and this helps materially; others order their Sunday school materials through this branch though they may not be using Universalist lessons. We are very glad to benefit by this method, also, but if you have not tried the Universalist lessons why not give them a trial, now that they are so easily available? We could assist more parishes by both these methods, if they would allow us to.

Further, we wish to fulfil the duties of a personal service bureau, and if you need supplies but do not know exactly what you want, or need, to meet the conditions, if you will furnish us with the details of your difficulty we will try to get you what you need to meet your specified problem.

When all the parishes in this western country "get Universalism" enough to use Universalist supplies and materials, or at least to order what they do use through the Universalist channels, there will be no difficulty in having a thriving and prosperous Western Headquarters.

Are *you* helping to make possible the maintenance of this headquarters which means so much to our Church and our churches?

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Diminishing Returns

THE daughter of the daughter of Keturah inquired of me, saying, What maketh more noise than a Pig Under a Gate?

And I had heard that Conundrum, but I let her tell me.

And she said, Two Pigs.

And she thought it a Good Joke, and I thought so, also.

But I considered, and I said unto myself, While Two Pigs Under Gates make more noise than One Pig Under a Gate, do they make twice as much noise?

And I answered, that they probably do. For there is Power in co-operative effort; and there be times when one and one are more than two; for one doth chase a Thousand, and two put Ten Thousand to flight. And while One Man is sufficient unto himself for life's essential choices, yet are two men, working together, able to accomplish what ten men working separately sometimes fail to do.

But I considered this, also, that there cometh a point where the Proportion faileth to produce Adequate Results. For the Engineer can not forever increase his Speed by Burning More Coal, nor the Farmer forever make his Farm Richer by adding More Fertilizer.

And I said, I talked with a man who buildeth Organs. And he said, There is no organ that can not be made larger and louder by adding more Pipes; but there cometh a point where the noise of one set of pipes interfereth with the noise of another set; and thou canst not by adding pipes make an Organ that will be heard in the Moon.

Now all this is a lesson in what is known as the Law of Diminishing Returns. For there cometh a time for Crop Rotation. And for lack of it, Banks Fail, and businesses that are successful Go Broke, and the messages of Preachers go Stale, and Teachers get Dry Rot.

For while in life one must learn to Bunch his Hits, and the pins which one knocketh down on a Spare or a Ten Strike count double or even thrice, still must there be a Varied Method, or Fertility Runneth out, and the Game ceaseth to be worth the Candle.

For the secret of life is not wholly expressed in the discovery of more Pigs and More Gates; and even if it were, both Pigs and Gates have other uses than the Production of Music.

* * *

REASONING FROM EXPERIENCE

The carpets and rugs were being taken up, and little Isabel was watching the operation with a great deal of curiosity, since this was the first spring cleaning she had ever witnessed. Finally, after considerable reflection on the subject, she asked,

"Mother, are you goin' to let the floor go barefooted?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

JESSE B. FOSHER

Jesse B. Fosher was born on Nov. 25, 1847, at Blakesburg, Ind., the eldest of seven children born to John and Louisa Fosher. His boyhood was spent on the old home farm, but at the age of seventeen he began teaching school. Through his early youth he was a constant attendant at services at the church near his home, which had been built by his grandfather, and where he first learned the beautiful faith which was to be his whole life.

In 1870 he was married to Burilla Young, and to this union five children were born, two dying in infancy. At about the time of his marriage he helped to build the Universalist church at Fincastle, Ind., and was for seventeen years superintendent of the Sunday school. He was ordained in 1887 at Logansport, Ind., and in the following years served many parishes in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky and Ohio. He probably did more than any other one man to further the cause of Universalism through the Middle West, as he was constantly working to open new churches, and to bring new members to these churches. For several years he was assistant superintendent of churches in Illinois, and later was superintendent of churches in Kentucky. His last parish was at Conover, Ohio, where he was active until within a few weeks of his death.

Mr. Fosher's work in Kentucky was of especial value to the denomination. In the four years that he was there he reorganized and built up the work, leaving the churches in far better condition than when he went there. He also did much good work for the cause of prohibition in the state.

In 1904 his first wife died, and in 1907 he married Laura C. Alexander, who, with three children of the first marriage—Mrs. Amos Whitmeyer, of Kokomo, Ind., D. C. Fosher, of South Bend, Ind., and P. L. Fosher, of Mallory, N. Y.—survives him.

He had been ill for more than a year, but had kept bravely at his work as long as was possible, preaching his last sermon at Conover, Jan. 8.

He died at his home in Troy, Ohio, on April 6. Short services, in charge of the Rev. J. L. Wolbach, his successor at Conover, were held at the home the following afternoon, and on Sunday, April 9, final services were held at his old home church in Fincastle, Ind., the Rev. Wellington Holmes of Logansport officiating. Burial was made in the Blakesburg cemetery, in sight of his boyhood home.

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Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

WE NEVER KNOW

I spoke a word,
And no one heard;
I wrote a word,
And no one cared
Or seemed to heed;
But after half a score of years
It blossomed in a fragrant deed.
Preachers and teachers all are we,
Sowers of seeds unconsciously.
Our hearers are beyond our ken,
Yet all we give may come again
With usury of joy or pain.
We never know
To what one little word may grow.
See to it, then, that all your seeds
Be such as bring forth noble deeds.

John Ocenham.

HOW THE RABBITS GOT THEIR LONG EARS

ONCE upon a time, so the fairies say, all rabbits had short ears.

Not far from the edge of a small pond in a certain wood lived a rabbit family—Mother Rabbit and her three children, Tippy, Topsy, and Turvy.

One Monday morning Mother Rabbit said, "Now, children, take your basket of lunch and go to play, but don't play near the edge of the pond."

"No, mother," said Tippy.

"We'll remember, mother," chimed in Turvy.

"Good-by, mother," said Tippy, Topsy, and Turvy, with one voice.

Off they went with a hop, skip and jump. Tippy carried the basket because he was the oldest, and Topsy and Turvy went bouncing along in front of him.

After a while they set the basket down in the shade and began to romp. In the distance they could see Mother Rabbit busily hanging her washing on the clothesline to dry.

After a hard game of hide and seek they sat down under the tree.

"I'm tired," said Tippy.

"I'm hungry," said Topsy.

"So am I," agreed Turvy, "very tired and, oh, very hungry."

"Let's eat our lunch," said Tippy, Topsy and Turvy in the same breath.

They were about to open the basket when they heard a swishing noise.

"Listen; some one is coming!" said Tippy.

"Along the path!" Topsy added, alarmed.

"Who can it be?" asked Turvy with wide eyes.

"Perhaps it's Mr. Sly Fox," they said all together.

And sure enough it was Mr. Sly Fox and no other.

"Oho!" cried Mr. Sly Fox, when he came in sight.

"And what are Mrs. Rabbit's children doing to-day, may I ask?"

"Having a picnic," the Rabbit children replied in chorus.

Mr. Sly Fox looked greedily at the basket. "Have you been swimming in the nice, cool pond?" he asked.

"No; we mustn't go near the water," said Tippy and Topsy and Turvy all at once.

Old Sly Fox glanced at the basket again and licked his chops.

Then he looked at the Rabbit children. "I have often heard of the fame of your running," he said. "But I don't know which of you is the best runner."

Tippy swelled his chest. "I am!" he said.

Topsy gave a little leap. "I am!" he exclaimed.

As for Turvy, he went straight up into the air and turned a somersault to show how limber he was. "You can see that I am!" he said.

"Well, well!" said Sly Fox. "One race can decide it. Stand in a row beside that cedar tree, and I'll count three. When I say go, then go. The one who reaches that old oak stump first is the fastest runner."

Now the old oak stump stood right on the edge of the pond, but the little rabbits never thought of that. Their short ears began to twitch with excitement. They ranged themselves in a row at the foot of the cedar tree and stood trembling with impatience.

Old Sly Fox began to beat his foot on the ground. "One, two, three!" he thumped, and then shouted, "Go!"

And away they went like the wind, those three short-sighted little rabbits.

Tippy was the first to reach the stump,— because he was the oldest and the tallest,—but he was going so fast that he could not stop, and splash! he went into the water. Splash! splash! went Topsy and Turvy right after him.

"Swim for your lives!" cried cruel old Sly Fox as he snatched the basket and ran into the woods.

Mother Rabbit heard the cries of her children and came "hippety-hop" down the path. When she saw what had happened she began to cry, "Mr. Possum! O Mr. Possum!" at the top of her voice.

Down a tree and across the clearing Mr. Possum came like a flash. The three little rabbits were splashing madly round in the cold water.

"Save them, sir!" cried Mother Rabbit with a sob.

Mr. Possum did save them. He turned his back, caught hold of a root of the old stump and let his tail hang over the edge of the pond. And one by one those frightened little rabbits climbed ashore with the help of that kindly tail.

Shivering and hungry, they limped sadly home.

"Now," said Mother Rabbit when they got there, "now what shall I do to you?"

"Oh, dry us!" said Tippy.

"Do dry us, please!" begged Topsy.

"Dry us, dry us, dry us!" pleaded Turvy with all his heart.

But drying them was no easy matter. Mother

Rabbit wiped them off and rolled them in moss; she pawed and patted them and pawed them again; but their fur would not dry. Then she shook them hard; but still their coats were damp. At last there was nothing to do—since it is a shame for a rabbit to have a wet coat—but to hang them one by one on the clothesline by their ears.

The sun smiled on the clothesline, and the west wind puffed at it. And slowly, Tippy, Topsy and Turvy, hanging there among the clean petticoats and trousers, grew warmer and drier. The three rabbits were not uncomfortable, but they were somewhat uneasy. For as they hung and swung they could feel their ears slowly growing longer and longer, longer and longer.

By the time Mother Rabbit took her children down their ears were almost as long as their legs.

And from that day to this all the rabbits that you see—and for that matter those that you do not see—have long, long ears.—*Katherine Macdonald, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

WHY DOES MY CHILD ACT SO?

I wonder if parents and other adults fully realize the consequences of suggestion on the minds of the girl and boy, especially in their teens? How often we hear a mother say, half-amused, half-exasperated:

"Oh, you spend half your time in front of a mirror! You must like to look at yourself," thus rather implying that the youngster is the only one who could possibly find pleasure in such an occupation. Or perhaps Young Daughter, fishing for a compliment, states with a wistful, questioning inflection, "My nose is perfectly dreadful." And mother says, soothingly, "Never mind, dear, 'handsome is as handsome does.'"

Now the girl in her teens does not necessarily stand before the mirror in admiration of her beautiful self. Quite generally Miss Teen is very critical, and dissatisfied with her reflection.

A friend of mine woke up to the fact one day that her fourteen-year-old daughter was somewhat plain and unattractive, and was very sensitive about it. Claribel seemed suddenly to shun the other children and her mother often caught her posing before the pier glass in the hall.

"Why don't you play with the other girls and boys any more?" asked this mother.

"Oh, I don't like 'em," declared Claribel, shortly.

"But why?" persisted the mother.

"We-ll, Ted Smith calls me Pug-Nose, and Rob Wallace calls me 'Chinee.'"

"Why 'Chinee?'"

"'Cause my hair is in such a little tight braid—and it *is* ugly! And my nose sticks right straight up. Mother, *can* they fix people's noses?"

"Why, honey!" exclaimed the mother, putting her arms around Claribel, "your precious nose will grow straight and beautiful, just as it used to be. You were *such* a beautiful baby! Come, let's look at your baby pictures!" And soon they were engrossed in a pile of attractive pictures, for Claribel had, indeed, been an appealingly lovely baby.

"Now! You see!" triumphed the mother. "I used to wrap your hair in rags about once a week—see how prettily it curled? By the way, suppose we cut off that Chinee pigtail? Have it bobbed? Let's! And then I will help you do it up on rags until it curls almost naturally. I will show you how to massage your scalp, too, to make your hair lustrous and thick."

"Oh-h-h!" and Claribel hugged her mother in ecstasy. Then she sat up quite suddenly. "There's something else they call me," she whispered, tragically.

"What now?" asked the mother, in mock alarm.

"They—call—me—Big—Foot—Claribel!"

Her mother started, then laughed a little.

"My! That really *is* serious," and she looked down at her daughter's heavy "sensible" shoes. "To-morrow, my darling, we go to the best bootery in town for a pair of lightweight, stylishly cut shoes. And this very evening I want you to dance. Start the Victrola, and dance until you are tired—dance on your toes! It will make your feet slender and your insteps higher."

There was no thought of telling her child that "handsome is as handsome does" on the part of this mother.

I heard a neighbor the other day berating his son for the poor grades on his report card. My neighbor is a minister, and his aim for his son is a scholarly life.

"Son," he said, sternly, "if you ever bring home another grade of 70 I shall be convinced that you are either a dullard or an indolent time-waster. Must I think this of you? Or will you bring home a 95 the next time?"

The lad quivered beneath his father's piercing gaze and stammered, "I'll —I'll bring home, 100, every grade 100." But he didn't. That word "dullard" stuck in his mind. He knew he wasn't lazy, for he tried so hard to learn. But, somehow, his brain seemed numb—he could not remember, and a vague fear that he was "not bright" assailed him. With fear and trembling he brought home such grades as 60 and 65, and endured the wordless, scathing glance of his adored father, who seemed to him to be thinking, "This is my beloved son in whom I am *not* well-pleased." The year went by and "the preacher's son" failed in every study!

Another neighbor had a little girl of eight who was sent back to the first grade. Her mother interviewed the teacher, who spoke somewhat in this manner:

"Mrs. Blank, I do not wish to offend, but Lorraine is simply not as bright as the other children of her age. Her brain is—let us say—asleep."

Mrs. Blank questioned the child closely.

"Yes, mamma," said Lorraine, "teacher would say, 'We won't ask Lorraine if she has *her* lesson. We will *know* that she hasn't.' And then we'd go to the board to do our numbers, and she'd say, 'Lorraine! Don't you even know two-and-two?' and she'd look at me as if I was a toad or something. And I just knew she knew I didn't know, and so I didn't." Thus lucidly the child explained the whole matter.

Mrs. Blank took Lorraine from school and gave her five weeks of intensive training, not only in the three R's, but also in suggestion. Then entered her in the *third* grade, on trial. Lorraine made that grade.

Mrs. A has a son of seventeen who is about the awkwardest boy I've ever seen, and I used to marvel at the way he left destruction in his wake, all unwittingly, until one day I happened to be at his home.

"We call him Sam-the-Smasher," his mother told me, laughing ruefully. "For at least three years his hands and feet have been so in his way that he breaks everything he touches and stumbles over everything that's in the room he walks through. Guess we'll have to put him in a padded cell."

Sam, who was present, grew redly embarrassed, and clumsily sought to push back the hair from his forehead. His elbow came in contact with a pretty vase and, in his attempt to rescue it, he knocked over the gold-fish bowl.

"Mercy sakes!" screamed his mother. "You great big, awkward, clumsy, careless thing! Get right out of here before you break something else!"

If this mother had started telling him three years before how manly and how graceful he was growing—if she had passed over each breakage as quickly as possible—if she had constantly reminded him that his hands were wonderful, hands that were meant to accomplish things, hands that she loved, and most of all, that she loved the work of those hands—could she not easily have helped him forget his clumsiness in the interest of some useful creative work? Let us clearly realize the value of suggestion on the mind and body, the character and soul, of the growing child.—*Elva D. Kellogg, in Nautilus.*

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

The Veneerings. By Sir Harry Johnston. $2.00.

When we left the Veneerings in "Our Mutual Friend," their affairs had come to a "resounding smash," and they had retired to Calais, to live on the proceeds of Mrs. Veneering's diamonds. We wonder if their stationer's bill was paid for the calling cards that descended like snow upon the just and the unjust!

Now we hear more of them and of others —the Lammles, those "partners against the world," in whose schemes Mr. Veneering becomes involved; John Harmon, now Sir John, who has bought Chacely Priory and bestowed the living on the Reverend Frank Milvey, and is at the head of Chicksey, Veneering and Stobbles, where "cherubic Pa" is flourishing and George Sampson, Lavvy's captive, is also found; the gallant Wrayburns; the beaming Boffins, now living in the little cottage at Blackheath beloved of John and Bella; Mortimer Lightwood; Mr. Twemlow; and Jenny Wren and her husband.

Mounted Justice. By Katharine Mayo. $2.00.

Truth is not only stranger than fiction but more thrilling; and Miss Mayo's stories of the Pennsylvania State Police are masterpieces of their kind.

Nine tales make up this third book: The Coughlin Case, of the kidnapping of a baby; Between Two Days, of two brothers who "lived as a curse incarnate;" Quick as God will let you, of a mother separated from her babies and a brave grandmother; The Patent-Leather Shoes, which led to their vain owner's undoing; The Hand-Picked Job, which Corporal Freeman picked out of another case; The Blazing Mountain, an amusing record of the activities of amateur "deteckertives" and the quiet tracking of the real firebug; Advertising Mustard, of miners' families who employed that as one weapon against justice; Under the Yellow Flag, of heroic fighting of pestilence, and Cut Beans & Company, of the devious ways of the Black Hand. And in every instance the "Black Hussars" got their man.

Gentle Julia. By Booth Tarkington. Illustrated. $1.75.

Gentle Julia is "the prettiest twenty-year-old girl in that creditably supplied town," also "the only girl between thirteen and forty-one in a large connection of near relatives" who "regale themselves with her private affairs as a substitute for theater-going." Moreover, she has a niece, Florence, and a nephew, Herbert, who has a friend, Henry Rooter, all in the grip of that wave of impishness which is at its crest about thirteen-fourteen. You will admit that it is trying!

Her admirers are legion, and their gifts compass not only the usual flowers, candy, and books of sonnets in manuscript, but animals, from Persian cats to what Kitty Silver, the sable cook, describes as "ole warty allagatuh three foot long a-lookin' at me over the aidge o' my kitchen sink!"

So affairs in "Julia's Street" and the Atwater family are in the nature of a highly entertaining vaudeville show, at which we all have front seats.

The Backsliders. By William Lindsey. $1.90.

The Reverend John Gray is a very ministerial young minister who sets up housekeeping in the white and green parsonage of his first pastorate with a "tall, thin, taciturn maid" and Caesar the parrot, which, not having entirely outgrown the ungodly teaching of a former owner, says "Amen" and "Dammit" in the same breath.

This man of the cloth has much learning, but less knowledge of the world than most boys half his age, which is twenty-five. So it comes about that he meets many situations in this little Adirondack village against which his armor of scriptural quotations is as nothing.

There are gossips, of course, like Miss Abby Green and her niece Maud who sings in the choir and is not always sure of "the note on the top shelf;" there is Jude the entertaining stage-driver and village drunkard, one of a group of sinners and sinned-againsts that the minister is urged to expel from the church; but chief among his stumbling-blocks is Alice Hale, a pretty pagan artist, who leads him a Babbie-like dance. Each tries to save the other, and both succeed!

The Yellow Streak. By Valentine Williams. $2.00.

The foreign editor of the *London Daily Mail* wrote his first novel, "The Man with the Club Foot," a romance of the Secret Service, while convalescing from wounds received in the battle of the Somme.

Now comes another thrilling story of the mysterious murder of Hartley Parrish, a British war profiteer, who is found dead in his library, apparently by his own hand. Suspicion rests on Robin Greve, a young barrister who is in love with Mary Trevert, Mr. Parrish's fiancee; and the threads of evidence are very much tangled, leading at last to Holland, where the mystery is cleared away.

Back at Harkings again, Inspector Manderton plans a grand denouement, which is forestalled by a written confession from the guilty man to Mary Trevert.

So all ends happily, and Bude, the "archdeacon of a butler, . . . his enunciation, if anything, more mellow, his demeanor more pontifical than of yore, . . . is once more in the service of a county family."

American Portraits. By Gamaliel Bradford. Illustrated. $3.50.

The portraits that Mr. Bradford has painted for us are of Mark Twain, "a big man and he had a big heart;" Henry Adams, who insisted that he was never educated, and "had a peculiar gift of eliciting . . . affectionate confidences from young and old;" Sidney Lanier, poet and musician, who "lived in a spiritual whirlwind, until it snuffed him out;" James McNeill Whistler, who "flitted through the world, making epigrams and enemies . . . and painting great pictures;" James Gillespie Blaine, whom even political opponents loved; Grover Cleveland, "a statesman who did not succeed by his tongue;" Henry James, "a man whose whole life was in art;" and Joseph Jefferson, who "lived laughing . . . or smiling, with the tenderest sympathy, at all the strange vagaries of existence."

"Q." By Katherine Newlin Burt. $2.00.

Q. T. Kinwydden—a name to conjure with—stands for a handsome, clear-eyed stranger "from all over the West," lately come to sleepy Siuypenkill to gain an education and stately Heloise Grinscoombe, whom he has guided on a hunting trip. He makes a "perfectly devastating hit" in that aristocratic circle, but his kindly, blundering efforts to set wrongs right in the little town involve him in difficulties—he is "wise with broncs," but "knowin' horses . . . ain't so much of a help in knowin' people. Horses hev so much more sense."

However, when he departs for his beloved West, he has put the Grinscoombes under lifelong obligation to him, exposed a rascally doctor, united two loving couples and won the bride his "heart wanted from the first"—but not Heloise!

The Great Prince Shan. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. $2.00.

Mr. Oppenheim will never have a greater compliment than the hatred of the Kaiser's subjects for him when he predicted the German menace—they knew he was a true prophet!

Now he boldly paints for us the world in 1934, when everybody travels by airship and warfare has developed to the point where a city can be destroyed in the twinkling of an eye. And England, feeling that "an era of peace and the new fellowship" has dawned, has abolished secret service and is practically disarmed.

A plot by which Russia, Japan, China and Germany will take from her India, Australia, New Zealand, and eventually Egypt, waits only for the signature of Prince Shan, ruler of China. Instead of signing, however, he gives the Prime Minister advice, and departs for his own country with an English bride!

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

May 7. Washington, D. C.

May 16. Massachusetts Sunday School Convention, Lawrence.

May 20-21. District Rally, Winchester, N. H.

May 28. Annual Memorial Service, Mount Auburn.

June 19-20. Ohio Y. P. C. U. Institute and Convention, New Madison.

* *

LYNN, JR.

Another enrollment in the Junior Union ranks is that of the church where the National Y. P. C. U. was born, in Lynn, Mass. This is one of the churches that is showing the way in which the best of modern religious work, especially in parishes of any size, can best be done. With its own Director of Young People's Work, it is building for the future. This does not mean that Carl Hempel is Junior superintendent, but it does mean that he has aroused that interest in all phases of work with and for the young people and the boys and girls, so that organization is easy and consecrated workers to supervise are found.

Some parishes think they can not afford a Director of Young People's work, or even a parish assistant to work chiefly among the young. It is the same argument by which a man persuades himself that he can not afford life insurance. For organized work among the young people and children is the best, and only certain guarantee of a church's future.

* *

THE TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE CHURCH

III—Training in Denominational Consciousness and Co-operation

When Dr. Shutter was president of the General Convention he often emphasized the fact, in speaking of our denominational history, that we were in process of becoming not churches, but a Church." Out of the ultra-independence of the early days we have made very gradual but steady progress up to our present point of organization. It is a far cry from the early thirties, when Rev. Paul Dean was sent by the Massachusetts Convention as a fraternal delegate to New York to propose and discuss the matter of co-operation in establishing a theological school. His eloquence was insufficient, and the New York Convention adopted a resolution which said in effect, though not in these words, "We love our brethren in Massachusetts, and we believe the same great truths that they do, but they live in Massachusetts and we live in New York, and between us there is a great gulf fixed, and we are going to play in our own backyard."

From that time to 1919, when New York and Massachusetts, and Maine and California, and Minnesota and Florida, joined together to make the "Million Dollar Drive" a success, and to 1920, when we all united in the Murray Anniversary Crusade, we have been evolving a denomination and a denominational consciousness. We belong together, we are working together, and we know it.

Along that same line lies our future progress. We must work toward more complete co-operation in the future than we have ever had in the past, more complete than we have in the present.

This means that we must train those who are to be the workers and leaders in the Church of to-morrow in this denominational consciousness and co-operation. Those workers and leaders are in our Sunday schools and in our Junior and Senior Unions to-day. What are we going to do about it?

The Young People's Christian Union is organized and carries on its work in such a way that it serves this purpose. A large part of its work is purely local and individual, and yet even this involves a certain measure of co-operation. In the devotional work, for instance, topics are prepared every year by the National Topics Committee for the use of local Unions, and in each issue of *Onward* are published helps and suggestions for making the devotional meetings a success, and the training in devotion a reality. This means that the Unioner is led to think of his denominational organization as a source of help and suggestion when he needs it.

In the news columns of *Onward*, also, appear items of interest regarding the work of local Unions; not only about what they have done along the lines of National Union work, but reports of their purely local activities, social, financial, etc. The Unioner learns that others are interested in what his Union is doing locally, and that, even in this, no Union liveth to itself, and none dieth to itself.

The Union is constantly holding District Rallies, State Conventions, and other gatherings, and once a year a National Convention and Institutes. To these meetings many Unioners go, and by personal acquaintance discover that they belong to an organization larger than their own local society. To others they send delegates, who bring back reports of what is said and done, and these delegates are people of their own age and point of view, whose word, consequently, carries greater weight.

At the State and National Conventions, the young people themselves, acting as delegates, decide about denominational policies in their own organization, they see the wheels go round, and discover the motive power which is "the living spirit within the wheels." They assume responsibilities, financial and other, for the carrying on of the work, and so by actually doing it they learn how to do the larger work of the Church.

They finance this larger work, raising last year by voluntary gifts over $4600, and nearly $1,000 more in assessments and dues. This year the amount will be larger. They assume missionary obligations, and direct missionary work.

In no other organization is there the opportunity for this kind of training. They may learn what is being done; they may be asked to help in supporting it; but the fellowship of conventions, and the responsibilities of their work, come only to the young people in their own organization.

The Young People's Christian Union is the Training School of the Church in denominational consciousness and co-operation.

Stanley Manning.

Boston, April 25.

For the Quiet Hour

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But, like the seafaring man on the deserts of water, you choose them as your guides, and following them you reach your destiny.

Carl Schurz.

I will always think the man who keeps his lips stiff and "makes a happy fireside clime," and carries a pleasant face about to friends and neighbors, is infinitely greater in the abstract than an atrabilious Shakespeare or a backbiting Kant or Darwin. No offense to any of these gentlemen, two of whom, probably (one for certain), come up to my standard.

R. L. Stevenson.

Go not out into the world to look upon the face of man till you have seen the face of God.

Spurgeon.

If all the men and women who call themselves Christians would simply do the good they know and eschew the evil they know for Christ's sake, the aspect of the social and economic problems would be so changed that we have no right to suppose they would remain insoluble.

James H. F. Peile.

Our early prayers will help to shed an odor of piety through the whole life. God, having first occupied, will more easily recur to our mind. Our first step will be in the right path and we may hope a happy issue.

Channing.

Confidence of faith is a rest to the soul when we are weary. If God be for us, who can be against us? Trouble, even of our own procuring, is God's opportunity. We never slip beyond His reach.

Isaac Edwardson.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

TO OBSERVE WOMEN'S DAY

Santa Paula, Cal.
New Haven, Conn.
Norwich, Conn.
Stamford, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
Clinton, Ill.
Hutsonville, Ill.
Marseilles, Ill.
Stockton, Ill.
Galveston, Ind.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Muncie, Ind.
Mitchellville, Iowa.
Osage, Iowa.
Gardiner, Maine.
Guilford, Maine.
Pittsfield, Maine.
Portland (All Souls), Maine.
Portland (Messiah), Maine.
Rockland, Maine.
Rumford, Maine.
Waterville, Maine.
Westbrook, Maine.
Abington, Mass.
Arlington, Mass.
Attleboro, Mass.
Brockton, Mass.
Brookline, Mass.
First Church, Cambridge, Mass.
Third Church, North Cambridge, Mass.
Chelsea, Mass.
Franklin, Mass.
Grove Hall, Mass.
First Church, Lowell, Mass.
New Bedford, Mass.
Newtonville, Mass.
Orleans, Mass.
Palmer, Mass.
Quincy, Mass.
Southbridge, Mass.
Second Church, Springfield, Mass.
South and West Acton, Mass.
Stoughton, Mass.
Horton, Mich.
Minneapolis (Tuttle), Minn.
Anoka, Minn.
St. Paul, Minn.
Manchester, N. H.
Newfield, N. H.
Woodsville, N. H.
Bristol, N. Y.
Cortland, N. Y.
East Aurora, N. Y.
Canandaigua, N. Y.
Little Falls, N. Y.
Macedon, N. Y.
Middletown, N. Y.
Morris, N. Y.
Richfield Springs, N. Y.
Rochester, N. Y.
Watertown, N. Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
Kinston, N. C.
Akron, Ohio.
Belpre, Ohio.
Eaton, Ohio.
Greenville, Ohio.
Mason, Ohio.
Milford, Ohio.
Norwalk, Ohio.
Olive Branch, Ohio.
Plain City, Ohio.
Philadelphia (Messiah), Penn.
Scranton, Penn.
East Providence, R. I.
Providence (Mediator), R. I.
Woonsocket, R. I.
Barre, Vt.
Wausau, Wisconsin.
Baltimore, Maryland.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

WAY DOWN SOUTH

In a number of cities in the Southland the street cars contain placards with the words "Please go forward; thank you." The exhortation and the implied obedience are in harmony with the general spirit of progress manifested throughout the South and particularly in its Universalist Sunday schools.

At Greensboro, North Carolina, I found a brand new movement, under the care of an experienced and enthusiastic pastor and pastoress, Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Kellerman. We have a fine nucleus for a parish in this bustling city and all "the people have a mind to work."

Owing to a failure by Uncle Sam, the friends at Canon, Georgia, had received no notice of my visit. That made small difference to Dr. Whitnell, the pastor, Mrs. Gaines, the superintendent, and the other enthusiasts in this strong Universalist center, who advertised so suddenly and efficiently that the church was well filled for our impromptu meeting. The Sunday school is growing in Canon—as it is in every parish that I visited.

In Athens, Georgia, we have a group of cultured, energetic people, who have maintained a Young People's Christian Union but no church or Sunday school. They met with me in the spacious parlor of Dr. A. N. Bowers, listened well to the sermon, and at the following conference organized a Sunday school with twenty-eight members. Preaching services ought to follow in the near future.

The Mulberry church is at a "four-corners" about three miles from Winder. I did not see where the people were coming from, but so many appeared from somewhere that the advertised Sunday school conference was prefaced by a preachme Mr. C. W. Parker, who, as "ordinary has charge of roads, schools and proba cases, is the superintendent, and he a his associates are open-minded for eve suggestion. A Home Department w added.

Every one in the Atlanta parish is tal ing up the church and the Sunday scho being greatly pleased with the preachi and ministry of Dr. Keirn. I had a d lightful conference with the Sunday scho officers and teachers and afterward a dressed the Men's Club, an organizati of laymen prominent in the commerci and intellectual life of the city. Prospe are bright in Atlanta.

The privilege of gaining first-ha knowledge in our Southern field has be very great. Of this delightful trip, mo anon.

G.E. H.

* *

EDUCATIONAL SUNDAY

In the General Convention calenda May 21 is the special date for consideri the matter of education. It is to be hop that pastors and superintendents w "bear on hard" in impressing the thoug that no education is either adequate or sa that does not include training for chara ter and religion. High mentality and lo morality make a very dangerous combin tion.

* *

CHILDREN'S DAY PROGRAMS

Miss Earle and Miss Morgan have p their heads together and have prepared good program for Children's Day. Copi are being mailed to all pastors and supe intendents and will be furnished free charge to other workers upon request.

* *

PLAN FOR WORCESTER

Remember that the convention opens Sunday, July 16, and continues until t Y. P. C. U. program begins on Wednesda evening. We have a great array of tale and confidently prophesy a gatheri larger and more inspiring than any of i predecessors. Plan now to attend eve session. Of course we advise you to r main for the young people's "best-eve Convention.

* *

A GREAT LOSS

Rev. A. Eugene Bartlett, to whom we a very grateful for his useful tracts f young men and women, has resigned h position as superintendent of our work f the increase of the ministry.

* *

AN IOWA CONTEST

A contest on attendance and offerings in progress in Iowa, with the result th every phase of the Sunday school work prospering.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

May 9. Annual Meeting, Universalist Historical Society, Roxbury Church. 3 p. m. Illustrated Lecture by Edwin J. Lewis, "The Architectural Development of the New England Meeting House."

May 10. Merrimac Valley Conference, Nashua, N. H.

May 10-11. Connecticut Convention, Norwich.

May 15. Clara Barton Birthplace, North Oxford, Mass. Visitors' season opens.

May 17-18. Massachusetts State Convention, Lawrence.

June 30-July 2. Texas Convention, Elgin.

July 16-19. General Sunday School Association, annual Convention, Worcester, Mass.

July 19-23. Y. P. C. U. Convention, Worcester, Mass.

July 24-30. Y. P. C. U. Institute, Ferry Beach, Me.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	982
Meriden, Conn.	8
Norwich, Conn.	7
De Funiak Springs, Fla.	3
Atlanta, Ga.	5
Chicago, Ill., St. Paul's	18
Muncie, Ind.	1
Rockland, Me.	3
Massachusetts:	
Cambridge, First	3
Cambridge, Third	8
Lowell, Grace	5
Norwood	13
Worcester, All Souls	16
Christian Hill, N. C.	1
Norwalk, Ohio	10
Cincinnati, Ohio	4
Philadelphia, Pa., Redeemer	9
Providence, R. I., Mediator	5
Rochester, Vt.	9
St. Johnsbury, Vt.	1
Total	1111

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 52. Muncie, Ind., 1. Rochester, Minn., 2. St. Johnsbury, Vt., 12. Waltham, Mass., 1. Total, 66.

PERSONAL

On account of his recent serious illness from penumonia, Rev. Grant Van Blarcom has been obliged to give up his pastorate at Turner Center, Me., and will spend several months at his sister's home at 46 Armstrong Ave., Jersey City, N. J., and also at her summer home in the mountains of northern New Jersey. He hopes to be ready for work again in the early fall. His daughter, Arline, a junior at Jackson, has given up her studies to be with him during his illness. Services will go on as usual at the Turner Center Church, Rev. H. A. Markley, a former pastor, supplying the pulpit.

Connecticut

Meriden.—Rev. H. B. Taylor, pastor. The Mission Circle contributed over $300 to missionary enterprises outside the parish last year, according to the annual report at its April meeting. It has voted also to send $25 to the church in Miami, Fla. The new Clara Barton Guild has made up a good-sized box to send to the South. Since the middle of March fifty new members have been added to the Sunday school.

Norwich.—Rev. George H. Welch, pastor. Easter was a great day. One hundred and fifty attended the morning service. Seven members were received into membership. The year has been one of steady effort and gain. The parish is in splendid condition, with a united people in a new and beautiful church. There is no indebtedness, and more funds at hand than ever before. The future should be one of great accomplishment.

Bridgeport.—Rev. Hal T. Kearns, pastor. Easter was a glorious day for us. The congregation was the largest for many years. A double quartet gave the Easter cantata, "Victory Divine." The service reached its climax in the reception of fifteen persons into the membership of the church. A large congregation attended the evening service at which "The Passion Play of Oberammergau" was presented in pictures and story.

Florida

DeFuniak Springs.—Rev. A. Arnold Ross, pastor. Now that we have had time to measure the immediate value of the recent visits of Dr. Lowe and later of Dr. Huntley, both of whom were accompanied by Mr. Bishop, we feel greatly gratified and encouraged. Dr. Lowe's visit made a profound impression. Many calls for denominational literature have been received and supplied by the pastor, and there has been a sensible relaxing of local prejudice. Dr. Huntley's conference with the Sunday school workers gave them help and encouragement. Mr. Bishop is always a welcome visitor among the host of friends he has made here. On Easter Sunday three new members united with the church, one by profession of faith, the other two by letters of transfer from the Methodist and Presbyterian churches.

Georgia

Atlanta.—Rev. G. I. Keirn, D. D., pastor. Special services were held the six weeks preceding Easter. Five people joined the church on Easter Sunday, with as many more definitely pledged. Perfect harmony prevails in the church life, the union of the two churches being a real success. We are slowly increasing in numbers, and the work goes happily on.

Illinois

Leroy.—Oscar M. Phares has been appointed local chairman of the Comrades' Campaign for the funds for the Washington Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate Home.

Oak Park.—Rev. James W. Vallentyne, pastor. Wm. F. Barnard, 172 No. LaSalle Street, Chicago, has been appointed chairman for this church of the Comrades' campaign for funds for the Washington Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate Home.

Peoria.—Rev. B. G. Carpenter, pastor. Mr. Roy Page, 204 Randolph Ave., has been appointed local chairman of the canvass for funds for the Washington Church and the Perin-Cate Home, to be conducted in this church from April 15 to May 15.

Massachusetts

Attleboro.—Rev. C. H. Pennoyer, pastor. The canvass for funds for the Perin-Cate Home and the Washington Memorial Church will be held in this church on May 7.

Cambridge, Third.—Rev. L. R. Paige, pastor. During Lent, Wednesday evening services were held. Easter Sunday brought a large congregation to the church, eight persons being received into membership. On April 17, the Mission Circle gave a luncheon, at which Miss Grace White, president of the Massachusetts W. U. M. S., and Mrs. E. A. Whitman gave addresses. On Tuesday evening, April 18, Mr. Leon Campbell gave an interesting illustrated lecture on "The Lure of Astronomy." The proceeds of this lecture went in part to the Comrades. On April 25, Mr. Paige gave a lecture on the "Passion Play," which was shown in twelve reels of Pathe pictures. A large audience was present. The closing attraction of the Community Lecture Course was an address by Miss Ida Tarbell. At a meeting of the Comrades, May 4, Mr. Whitney, chaplain of the state prison at Charlestown, was the speaker.

Franklin.—Rev. R. K. Marvin, pastor. The Easter service called out the largest congregation for years, extra seats being necessary in the annex on the floor and in the gallery. The pastor read an original Easter poem and preached on "Songs of the Long Voyage." He was invited to deliver the address before Post 60, G. A. R., on the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of General Grant.

Roxbury.—Rev. Stanley G. Spear, pastor. We have had a busy and successful Lenten season. A series of morning ser-

mons on "Methods of Expressing Life and Faith" drew good congregations. The Wednesday evening mid-week services were well attended, a unique candle-light service being conducted by the Mission Circle at the final meeting of the series. The Illustrated Vespers, at which Dr. Rose's lectures have been used, have drawn large audiences. At the communion service on Holy Thursday, thirteen new members were received, and on Good Friday a large number were present at the "Service of the Unspoken Word," when screen, organ and violin were made to convey the desired message. Six hundred people attended the services on Easter Sunday. A fine community meeting was arranged by the women's organizations of the church, when all the churches of the city were invited to attend a meeting for the promotion of "International Friendship." Miss Cheever of the International League for Peace and Freedom was the speaker. The annual fellowship supper was largely attended. Rev. J. B. Reardon brought an interesting message. The Comrades meetings are most interesting. President Schupbach, who has just returned from Switzerland, gives interesting glimpses of his visit. The church is raising a memorial fund to its late pastor, Rev. James Harry Holden. The Universalist Historical Society will hold its annual meeting in this church, May 9.

New York

Troy.—Rev. George C. Boorn, pastor. The one hundredth anniversary of the founding of this church will be observed Sunday, June 4. During the following week, there will be a Sunday school observance and a number of social activities. Committees are at work on the program. The first church building was erected in 1823, the year previous services being held in the court house. The present building was erected in 1832. Rev. Lemuel Willis was the first pastor of the society, succeeded by Rev. Barsilla Streeter and Rev. Adolph Skinner. Among the more recent pastors are Rev. Clarence E. Rice, D. D., Rev. Harry Westbrook Reed, Rev. Isaac V. Lobdell, and Rev. Timothy L. Drury. In aid of the finances of the church, centennial bonds will be issued, the details to be in charge of the men's club.

Nova Scotia

Halifax.—Rev. Oluf Tandberg, pastor. As the Halifax parish is the only Universalist organization in Nova Scotia, as well as the easternmost church on the continent, we naturally feel somewhat isolated. We constitute a little island of liberalism in a vast sea of orthodoxy. The doctrine of everlasting hell and of total depravity is not preached in Halifax pulpits, to be sure, but the teaching of Kenotic Christology, or the full incarnation of the Godhead in Jesus Christ, is insisted upon, and in so far as Universalists are Unitarians they must remain the black sheep in church circles here. We are not altogether ostracised, however. A short time ago, Mr. Tandberg attended the annual banquet given by the governor of Nova Scotia and was asked to pronounce grace. The governor is a man of independent views and a great friend of the Americans. The seventy-ninth anniversary of the organization of the church was celebrated March 29. A *resume* of the history of the church was given by the secretary of the board of trustees, Mr. Andrew Wolfe. Descendants of three of the original families are still represented in the church. Loss of members from death and removal has been severe, and the recent death of Justice Longley of the Supreme Bench of Nova Scotia, who regularly attended the services of this church, is keenly felt. At the anniversary celebration, an organization of the men, which promises to bring new activity into the life of the church, was brought about. The young people are full of enthusiasm. Although they come from all parts of the city, it is safe to say that the attendance at the Y. P. C. U. meetings has averaged practically one hundred per cent during the entire winter. At these meetings Dr. Fisher's new book has been read and discussed with excellent results. Easter Sunday was a great day. The morning congregation was the largest in the present pastorate. The main service, however, is held in the evening, a custom observed by all the churches in the city. Again the congregation was large, and five new members united with the church.

Ohio

Cincinnati.—Rev. John Edwin Price, pastor. Easter was a big day in this church. Thirty young people attended the sunrise service at six o'clock, when Mr. Price was the leader, and many took part in expressing their convictions regarding Christian life and work. After the devotional hour, an excellent breakfast was served, upon the success of which Miss Nash and her workers received many congratulations. There was a record-breaking attendance at the Sunday school session at 9.20. An exceptionally fine story was told by the superintendent, Mr. Stall. A large congregation listened to Mr. Price's Easter sermon, "The Life We Now Live Is All," and four adults united with the church. After the service those who had not yet contributed to the Washington Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate Home were invited to help, and our quota was brought up to $2,500, the required amount. The Young People are looking forward to the District Y. P. C. U. meeting at Milford the second Saturday of May. They are planning to put on the play, "School Days." On April 21, a supper and reception was held in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Price. A dozen hand-embroidered towels and a dozen linen napkins, as well as some little dresses and romper suits for the children, were presented to Mrs. Price by the Women's Alliance.

Norwalk.—Rev. W. W. Betts, pastor. The year has been one of progress and encouragement. Twenty-three new members have joined the church and the Sunday school has doubled its membership. In each class the interest is keen while the splendid work of the high school class is especially deserving of mention. Interest in the Y. P. C. U. is also good and the attendance, though not large, has been improving. A Junior Y. P. C. U. with ten members has been organized and the children are being taught to lead and conduct their own meetings. The W. U. M. A. recently made a drive for increased membership with most gratifying results. Easter services were beautifully and appropriately observed, breaking the record in point of attendance and number of communicants. Ten new members were received.

Pennsylvania

Philadelphia, Messiah.—Rev. Herbert E. Benton, pastor. Perfect weather, a large gathering, uplifting music, a real Universalist spirit, and a hearty welcome to nine new members, made Easter a day to be remembered. On May 10, a dramatic and musical entertainment for the benefit of the Murray Grove Fair will be held at the Church of the Restoration, when the people of this church will help furnish the musical talent.

Rhode Island

Providence, Mediator.—Rev. Fred C. Leining, pastor. At the Holy Thursday service five members united with the church. On Easter Sunday we had the largest congregation of the present pastorate. The musical program was excellent. At the evening service the Sunday school gave an Easter concert which attracted a large congregation. Reports at the annual meeting, April 17, showed splendid progress in every department. Offerings have increased each year and the interest on benevolences reached a total of $1,000. Leslie F. Mowry was elected president of the parish, succeeding the late Allen A. Presbry. On May 12, the Men's Club will present its third annual minstrel show. Later in the month the Y. P. C. U. will present the comedy "Mr. Bob."

Vermont

St. Johnsbury.—Twelve children were christened at a beautiful baptismal service, March 19. Rev. George F. Fortier, State Superintendent, was present, conferring baptism upon Weston Attwood Cate, Jr., the little son of the pastor. One member was received into the fellowship of the church at the same time. On April 11, the annual parish meeting was held and reports of the various organizations showed marked progress in every department. Contracts were closed for the redecoration of the auditorium and for re-roofing the

church building with galvanized iron.

Woodstock.—Rev. Weston A. Cate, pastor. After having been without a pastor for nearly a year, we have secured the services of Mr. Cate and since April 1 regular meetings have been held. Attendance has been steadily increasing, and at Easter one hundred and twenty-six attended the service. The Sunday school has been reorganized, and at the annual parish meeting, April 4, plans for the raising of a fund for the redecoration of the interior of the church were made. A special offering was taken on Easter for this purpose. There is every indication that the parish will have steady growth.

* *

A YEAR OF A GREAT CHURCH

A splendid record of a year of a great church is the 1921 Year Book of the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis. "The year has had its ups and downs. The results do not call for a trumpet, nor yet for sackcloth and ashes. We have tried experiments. Some have worked, some have not," says the pastor, Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D., in his annual report. Upon reading the year book, however, one is convinced that the achievements quite eclipse the so-called failures, and that knowledge gained by experiment wholly makes up for the loss.

For the first time a budget was adopted with the idea of getting every one to do something according to his ability, even down to the littlest child. An appeal was issued to every member of the church and society, and with Mr. A. F. Pillsbury as chairman the campaign was so successful that it will be renewed and enlarged in its scope for the coming year.

During the year Rev. Ellsworth C. Reamon has become assistant pastor. As director of the Sunday school and leader of young people's activities, he has already made real progress.

The younger women of the congregation have organized a Clara Barton Guild, which it is believed will take a large part in the life and work of the church.

In February, 1921, Miss Chapin went from Unity Settlement to a new field of work in California, and it was not until the following August that Miss Imogene Poole was secured as her successor. In the meantime the work was carried on through the loyalty of the workers, Miss Hughes, Dr. Shutter's indispensable secretary, giving her time and services in addition to her regular work and outside of her regular hours and Mrs. Shutter visiting the House practically every day and maintaining, at the request of the Board, a general oversight. During that time the work went on as Miss Chapin had planned. A dental and pre-school clinic was added and a summer camp established. Even in the short time that Miss Poole has been at Unity House, her directorship promises success for the future of the work.

The last pages of the year book are devoted to an account of the dedication of the Service Tablet to the men of the church who were in the service of our country during the World War.

* *

FERRY BEACH

Qiullen House and Hotel Underwood will be under the management of Rev. Arthur M. Soule, of Kingfield, Me. Mr. R. L. Davison of Goddard Seminary will have charge of the tent colony.

The season is from July 21-to August 27. The institutes are as follows: Young People's Week, July 24-30. Sunday School Institute, July 31 to August 6. Missionary Institute, August 7-13.

Application for accommodations and all requests for information should be addressed to the secretary, Rev. Clinton Scott, 1620 Master St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* *

STATE CHAIRMEN

In addition to those already reported, the following men have been appointed state chairmen in the Comrades campaign for funds for the Washington Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House:

New Hampshire and Vermont—Rev. George F. Fortier, Morrisville, Vt.

Iowa—J. E. Reid, Altoona.

Minnesota—Wm. P. Roberts, Metropolitan Life Building, Minneapolis.

Wisconsin—Hon. A. H. Reid, Wausau.

Illinois—F. A. Nichols, 30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Ohio—W. O. Jameson, Walkover Shoe Co., Columbus.

Indiana—Emery P. Ross, Route 2, Aurora.

Michigan—Edward M. Honey, 5578 Seneca Ave., Detroit.

* *

FERRY BEACH AGAIN

Mr. E. P. Claflin of Attleboro, Mass., made an April trip to Ferry Beach to see about repairs and improvements for the coming season. There are to be many new things and changes.

Every member has received a copy of the proposed new bylaws to be voted upon at the annual meeting. Their adoption will mean increased efficiency for the work.

There have already been some generous responses to the appeal for funds, but there is still time to send your contribution, small or large, to Mrs. Celestine Gordon, 485 County Street, New Bedford, Mass., or to any member of the official board, who will see that it reaches its proper source. If any so desire, now is a good time for making a gift to Ferry Beach in annuity form.

Rev. George H. Welch, Rev. F. O. Hokerk, Rev. D. E. Trout, Rev. Harold Marshall, D. D., Rev. Isaac Smith, and others have promised to speak at the Sunday and Wednesday services, and there will be other excellent lectures. Mr. Hokerk will lead a class in applied psychology, or spiritual culture, a subject in which increasing interest is being evidenced.

There will also be the usual round of entertainments, including moonlight sails, swimming and athletics, and this year, as last, Miss Ruth Owens will be social director.

W. R. Rowland.

* *

BOSTON UNIVERSALIST CLUB

The Boston Universalist Club held its April dinner at Hotel Bellevue, Monday evening, April 10. Rev. Harold Marshall, D. D., representing *The Leader*, extended a cordial welcome to Rev. W. E. Gilroy, the new editor of the *Congregationalist*, the speaker of the evening. In a splendid address Dr. Gilroy declared that all thinking men should keep their minds open to truth and that the need of the Liberal Church was a great evangel of its cause. Dr. W. Quay Rosselle, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Malden, also gave an address.

Mr. V. A. Sears, secretary of the club, presented the report of the executive committee, which showed that the club had made an increase in membership during the past year. Officers were re-elected as follows: Wm. R. Thomson, Roxbury, president; Oscar Marden, Stoughton, vice-president; Vinton A. Sears, Somerville, secretary; Roscoe Pierce, Chelsea, treasurer; executive committee, Dr. W. H. Baker, Roxbury, Carlton Hicks, West Somerville, and George Till, Swampscott.

William R. Thomson.

* *

STEREOPTICON AT MURRAY GROVE

The equipment at Murray Grove is to be increased by the purchase of a first-class stereopticon. During the season of 1922 there will be travelogues and other interesting lectures. Moreover the illustrated talks offered by the General Sunday School Association will be used. This is in line with the intention of the trustees to make Murray Grove a thoroughly delightful resort for both old and young.

* *

Notices

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CHAPTER OF COMRADES

The State Board of the Massachusetts State Chapter of Comrades desires to co-operate with every local chapter, and to help in the organization of new chapters. Write to us freely about your problems, and we shall be glad to help in any way possible. Let us put the old Bay State at the front in this movement!

William R. Thomson, President,
11 Temple Place, Boston.

Alvar Polk, Secretary,
176 Newbury Street, Boston.

* *

Y. P. C. U. CONVENTION
Official Call

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church (incorporated) will be held in Worcester, Mass., beginning at 7.30 p. m., July 19, 1922.

This meeting is for the purpose of receiving reports and for the election of officers for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that may legally come before it.

Louis F. Merlin,
Secretary.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 11, 1922.

MASSACHUSETTS UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The sixty-third annual session of the Massachusetts Universalist Convention will be held in the First Universalist Church, Lawrence, May 17-18, 1922, convening at 7 p. m. on Wednesday.

"The Council shall consist of the ordained clergymen in the fellowship of the Convention. . . . of life-members resident in the state, of three lay delegates from each parish in fellowship, which delegates must be legal members of the parish they represent; and of the officers of the Convention."

George E. Leighton, Secretary.

Invitation

The First Universalist Parish of Lawrence invites the Universalists of Massachusetts to the annual sessions of the Conventions. Visitors and delegates wishing entertainment should apply to Mrs Florence G. Smith, 144 Berkeley Street, Lawrence, stating whether they wish to stay one, two, or three nights.

The banquet tickets for Thursday night will be $1. The number is limited, and only those ordered and paid for can be reserved. These orders must be sent to Mrs. Charles E. Zuber, 378 Haverhill Street, Lawrence.

All requests for entertainment and banquet reservations should be made not later than May 13.

Clarence Guy Robbins, Minister.

* *

W. U. M. S. OF MASSACHUSETTS

Official Call

The thirty-seventh annual meeting of the Woman's Universalist Missionary Society of Massachusetts will be held in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Lawrence, Mass., on Wednesday, May 17, 1922, at 10 a. m., for the consideration of the following business:

1. Election of officers for the ensuing year.
2. To take action on the following proposed amendments to the By-Laws:

Article VII, Section 5, subdivision "C," third line: strike out the words, "the auditors," and insert, "two auditors, one of whom shall be a certified accountant, these auditors to be appointed by the President, and approved by the Board of Directors."

Article X, Section 1, ninth line, strike out the words, "and two auditors."

3. To transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting.

A. Louise Barker,
Recording Secretary.

* *

CONNECTICUT UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The ninetieth annual session of the Connecticut Convention will be held in the Universalist Church, Norwich, May 10-11, 1922.

Program

Wednesday, May 10. 4.45 p. m. Organization. Roll Call. Welcome, Sumner W. Armstrong, president of Board of Trustees. Response, President C. G. Lincoln. Official Reports. Report of State Superintendent.

7 p. m. Address, "Which Way?" Rev. G. E. Leighton, D. D. Address, Rev. G. E. Huntley, D. D. Ministerial Relief Offering.

Thursday, May 11. 9.30 a. m. Communion, Rev. G H. Welch, presiding. Occasional sermon, Rev. Edson Reifsnider, D. D. 11 a. m. Business session. Reports of Committees. New Business. Election of Officers.

2 p. m. Business continued. Greetings. Adjournment.

W. U. M. S. of Connecticut

Wednesday, May 10, 1.30 p. m. Official Reports. Election of Officers. Address, Mrs. James F. Albion.

Invitation

The Norwich parish through me extends to the Universalists of Connecticut a very cordial invitation to attend the Universalist State Convention which will be held here on Wednesday and Thursday, May 10-11.

We will treat you well and desire that a large attendance shall assure a profitable convention.

We shall provide lodging and breakfast for Wednesday night and Thursday morning.

Kindly make application to Mrs. Walter A. Bussey, 22 Hamlin Street, for the above not later than Saturday, May 6.

Supper will be served at the church Wednesday night at 50 cents a plate and dinner Thursday noon at 50 cents a plate.

George H. Welch, Minister.

* *

GENERAL CONVENTION TRUSTEES' MEETING

The Board of Trustees of the General Convention will hold its regular meeting on May 8-9, 1922, at the Hotel Commodore, New York City. Any matters to be presented for consideration by the Board should be in the hands of the secretary immediately.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary,
176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

* *

MURRAY GROVE FAIR

The Murray Grove Fair will be held on Aug. 18, 1922, and it is planned to make this the very best yet.

A very strong effort is being made to raise sufficient money to clear off the balance of our indebtedness from the fair.

All those interested are asked to send either donations of money, fancy or useful azrticles to the chairman, Mrs. Walter Gabell, 6600 N. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* *

FERRY BEACH PARK ASSOCIATION

Ferry Beach will be open until August 27, two weeks after the Institutes close, so that people will have a chance to come there or to remain after the Institutes, just simply for a vacation and rest. Information and literature may be obtained from Rev. Clinton A. Scott, 1620 Master Street, Philadelphia, secretary of the Association.

Rates are as follows: Board, $11 a week. Children under seven, half price. Rooms: Quillen House, $3 a week; Underwood, $4; Cottage (for women) $3; Men's dormitory, $3; Pavilion, $2; Tents (per person), $2. (Rooms are for two persons.)

W. R. Thomson, Vice-President.

* *

MERRIMAC VALLEY CONFERENCE

The Merrimac Valley Conference will be held in Nashua, N. H., May 10. The program is as follows: 10.30 a. m. Song Service. 11 a. m. Sermon by Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D., of Haverhill. Luncheon, 35 cents. 1.30 p. m. Business Meeting. 1.45. Address by Rev. C. E. Fisher, D. D., of Lowell. 2.30. Address by Rev. George F. Fortier, Superintendent of Churches in Vermont and New Hampshire.

Friends of the Conference are cordially invited to attend.

Hattie E. Collins, Secretary.

* *

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Help Tufts College raise its Million Dollar Endowment. Buy Jumbo Patties, 10 cents apiece. *The Leader* will place your order for any quantity you may desire.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS UNIVERSALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

The annual Convention of the Massachusetts Universalist Sunday School Association will be held in the First Universalist Church, Lawrence, Tuesday, May 16, at 10 a. m.

Edgar R. Walker, Secretary.

* *

UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The 88th annual meeting will be held on Tuesday, May 9, at three p. m., in the chapel of the Roxbury (Mass.) Universalist church. Annual reports will be received, followed by election of officers and of new members. Mr. Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., will speak on "The Architectural Development of the New England Meeting House," with illustrations by lantern slides. All Universalists are invited to attend.

After the meeting a visit will be made to the ancient house in Brookline where was born on September 30, 1751, Rev. Elhanan Winchester, the first Universalist to preach in Roxbury.

Warren B. Brigham, Secretary.
Hosea S. Ballou, President.

N. B. Universalists of the Pacific Coast are invited to a Special Meeting of the Universalist Historical Society at Oakland, Cal., Saturday afternoon, May 27.

Obituary

Peter L. Disher

The sudden death of Peter L. Disher, Jan. 22, came as a great shock to his many friends. He was sixty-one years of age. For many years he served faithfully as an officer and member of the Universalist church at Indianapolis, Ind., and at the time of his death he was serving his ninth year as a member of the board of trustees of the Indiana State Convention. At one time he was also a trustee of the Delos Thompson Home for Aged Women at Waldron, Ind. Throughout his life he loved his church with a splendid loyalty, and successfully lived its inclusive and hopeful faith.

On the afternoon of his funeral the church was filled with those who were fortunate enough to know him as a fellow worker and believer. Services were conducted by Rev. Edwin B. Cunningham. Interment was at Crown Hill Cemetery.

Mrs. Frances C. Hicks

Mrs. Frances C. Hicks passed away at the Old Ladies' Home, Buffalo, N. Y., April 6, at the age of eighty-eight years. She had lived a long life of usefulness as wife and mother, and was recognized as a woman of rare ability. At different periods of her life she had been a teacher in a seminary, a governess in a private family, and had had the care and instruction of the older boys of an orphanage. She was also a writer, much of her poetry and prose having been published in various magazines and newspapers. For nineteen years she had lived in the Old Ladies' Home, and for fourteen years served as its librarian. She was a loyal Universalist, being a member of the Church of the Messiah in Buffalo, and a member of the Charlotte Cheney Morrell Mission Circle of the Grace Universalist Church.

Funeral services were held in the Chapel of the Home, April 8, her pastor, Rev. L. O. Williams officiating. Friends from both churches attended, and the Mission Circle was represented by officers and members.

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The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

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Wifie: "Impossible! I have half of the checks still left!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter (Munich).*

* *

"Is this a fast train?" the salesman asked the conductor.

"Of course it is," was the reply.

"I thought it was. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"—*Evansville Crescent.*

* *

First College Man: "I want you to come to our dance to-night."

Second Ditto: "Thanks. Is it formal; or shall I wear my own clothes?"—*Life.*

* *

Conductor: "Pardon me, madam, but your girl seems more than twelve."

Her mother: "Conductor! Would you take me to be the mother of a girl that age?"

Conductor: "Lady, don't tell me you're her grandmother!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

* *

W. J. Bryan's attack upon the doctrine of evolution reminds us of an actual episode which occurred a good many years ago. A theological student who believed in evolution went before a certain Presbytery for examination as a candidate for the ministry. Asked about his views on the subject, he stated them frankly and gave his reasons. When the examination ended he was told he might retire. It being a warm day he sat down upon the steps outside to await the result, and could not avoid overhearing, through the open window, an excited ministerial voice arguing, "But even if this doctrine of evolution *be* true, we Presbyterians can not accept it."—*Christian Register.*

* *

S. K. Ratcliffe of the *Manchester Guardian*, who returned from a speaking tour in the Middle West recently, in which he followed immediately on the heels of Mrs. Asquith, was asked whether he considered his much-talked-of compatriot had made a hit in the West. "Well," he replied, "I didn't notice any inclination among Western mothers to name their babies Margot."—*New York Evening Post.*

* *

Observing the British claim to the discovery of Wrangell Island, an ignorant subscriber writes in to ask if they have discovered Ireland.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

* *

Little Freddie had disobeyed his mother so that she felt obliged to punish him. When he wanted to kiss her good-night as usual she told him that she could not kiss such a naughty boy. He looked at her earnestly for a moment and then held out his hand, saying, "Well, let's shake hands and be friends, any how."

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